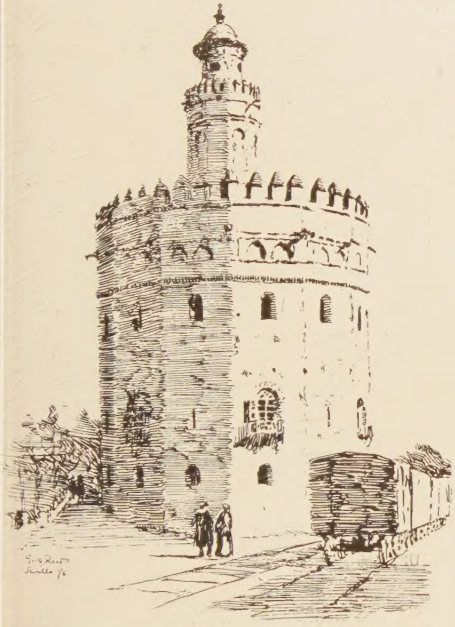
Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

PICTURESQUE SPAIN.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.



THE TOWER OF GOLD, SEVILLE.*

II.

Toledo, however, retains only the shadow of its former greatness. The objects of greatest interest which it contains are the relics of a departed glory. Here, as in many other of the cities of Spain, one is constantly reminded of a golden age which exists no longer except as a tradition or memory of the past. And it is improbable that Toledo will ever again be what it has been in other times. Whatever Spain has gained by the expulsion of the Moor in other respects, it has evidently suffered immensely in the matter of temporal prosperity. Under the dominion of the Moors, Toledo rose to a highly prosperous condition. And, on the whole, it seems to have been wisely and well governed. Christians were protected in the enjoyment of their property and the exercise of their religion. The Jews were, in many instances, raised to positions of great eminence in connection with the administration of the Government and the management of public affairs. The system of agriculture which the Arabs introduced into the country increased immensely its productiveness. Vast tracts of land which would have otherwise been useless were rendered fertile and productive by a comprehensive and wisely constructed system of irrigation.

The Christian conquest of Toledo, in 1085, brought with it the reverse of a blessing. Its prosperity began immediately to decline. Nor can this be greatly wondered at. The conquerors broke faith with the conquered. The terms of

* So named, according to one tradition, from the yellow tiles with which it is covered; according to another, because in it was stored the gold first brought from the New World.

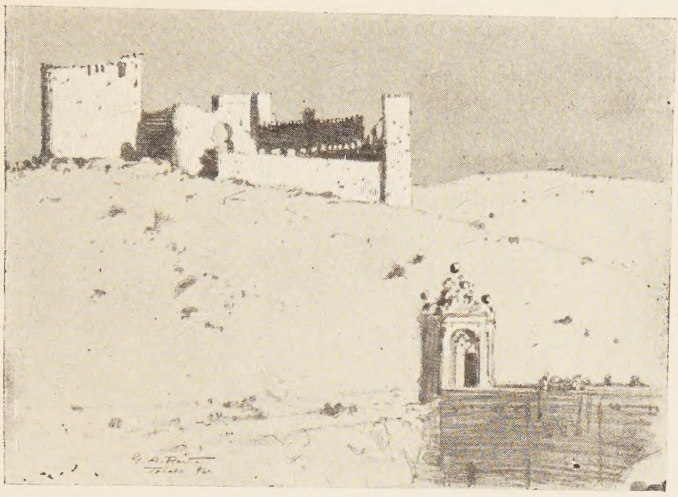
The admirable drawings of this article are from the accomplished hand of Mr. G. A. Reed, R.C.A.—Ed.

capitulation were violated. The mosques were turned into churches. The property of the Moors, which had been secured to them by treaty, was taken from them; and at length they were themselves driven away by the intolerable cruelty and oppression to which they were subjected. And with them went the energy, and the thrift, and the business capacity, on which the prosperity of the city and of the surrounding country depended. The heartless persecution of the Jews was as impolitic as it was cruel and unjust. It deprived the country of the services of another class of most enterprising and useful citizens. They were the great financiers of Toledo, as they were indeed of all parts of Spain, and they filled the most important offices of the Government, with signal advantage to the country. But the most capable of them were either exiled or destroyed. The despotic rule of the Emperor Charles V., and his successor, aided by the Inquisition, by which the people were despoiled of their liberties and reduced to the condition of slaves, completed the ruin. It is true, Toledo subsequently recovered for a time something of its ancient prosperity. It became the seat of a great and prosperous iron and steel industry, being specially noted for its manufacture of arms. The Toledo blade was scarcely less famous than that of Damascus. This revival of industry and commerce, however, proved to be only temporary, and the silence of death now reigns in the deserted streets which were once vocal with the hum of busy life. The remains of Moorish architecture everywhere abound. One of these, The Gateway of the Sun, is shown on page 106.

BRIDGE OVER THE TAGUS, TOLEDO.

As we proceed on our southward journey, we soon enter the wild and savage gorge, *despenapperros,* or "Pitch the dogs over," and gaze upon the precipitous cliff where, in some of the desperate struggles between the Crescent and the Cross, the "infidel dogs" were hurled to destruction.

As we approach Cordova everything begins to wear a more Oriental and tropical appearance. The traces of the Moor are everywhere more visible, and the vegetation is African rather than European. The cactus and the prickly pear grow in wild profusion on the

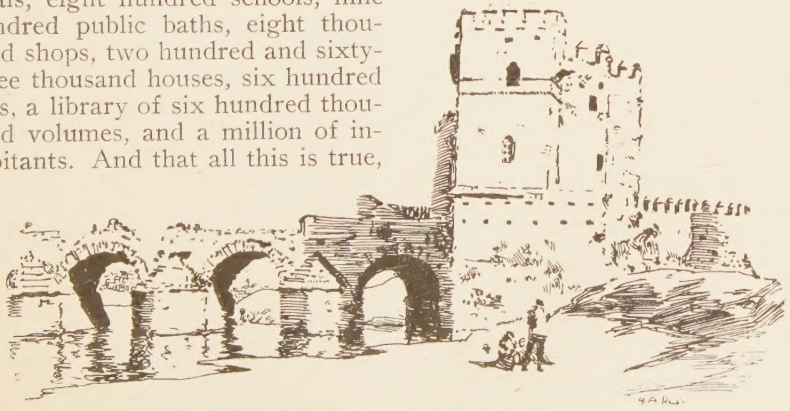


RUINS OF CASTLE, TOLEDO.

banks of the railway; and the groves of oranges and lemons, and the tall and feathery palms, all tell the same story, that we are in the sunny south.

Cordova is now a decayed and poverty-stricken city of about forty thousand inhabitants. Without trade, without manufactures, without anything to give it life or prosperity, there is an air of dejection and desertion about it beyond almost every other city of Spain. And yet we are told that this city, now so sad and forsaken, once had six hundred mosques, fifty hospitals, eight hundred schools, nine hundred public baths, eight thousand shops, two hundred and sixty-three thousand houses, six hundred inns, a library of six hundred thousand volumes, and a million of inhabitants. And that all this is true, we are prepared to believe by the magnificence of its incomparable cathedral, the most imposing relic of its departed glory.

This superb building, which was erected shortly after the founding of the Western Caliphate, was intended by its founder to be the finest mosque in the world, and no cost or pains were spared to make it what it was designed to be. It was originally supported by fourteen hundred columns, one thousand of which are still standing; and in order to secure the marbles



MOORISH BRIDGE AND CASTLE, CORDOVA.

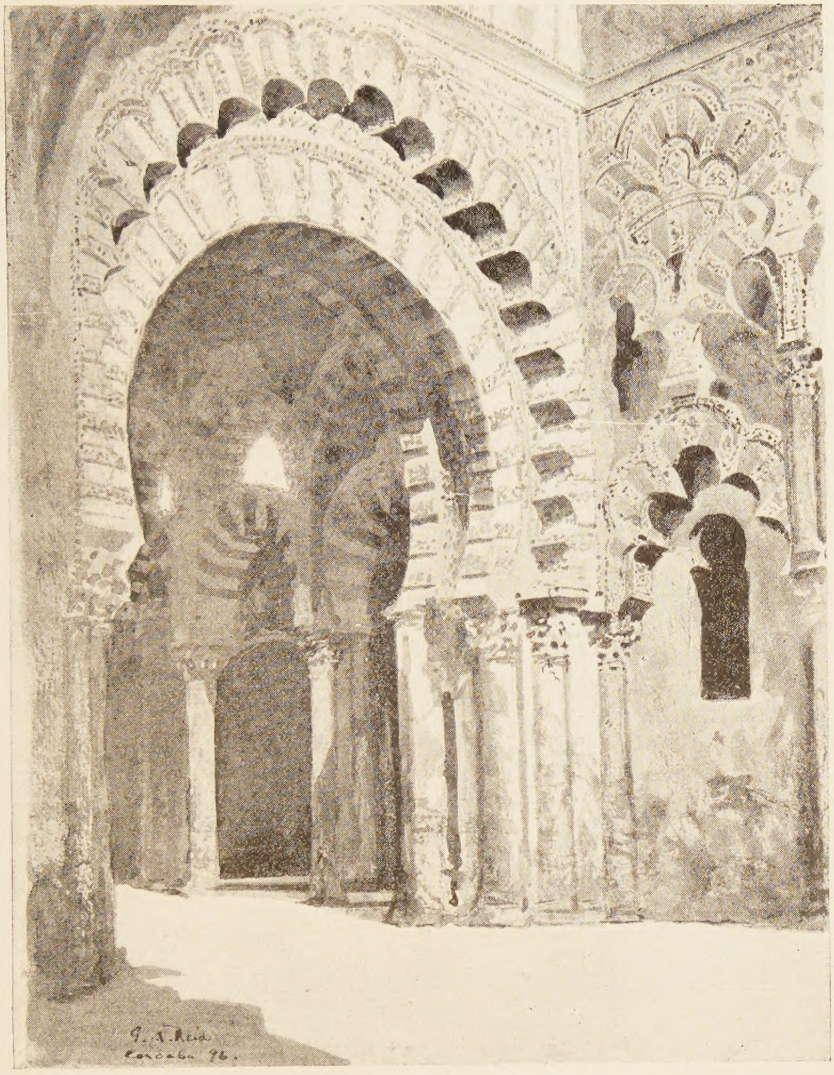
PUERTO DEL SOL, TOLEDO.

for these, all of which are diverse from one another, but the finest that the quarries of the world could produce, the temples of Sicily, Greece, Rome, Carthage, Egypt, Phoenicia, were all despoiled of their finest materials. The vast edifice was lighted by four thousand seven hundred lamps, fed with oil perfumed with amber, aloes and frankincense.

The journey from Cordova to Granada lies through scenery of surpassing grandeur. Wild savage sierras intersected by almost inaccessible ravines, groves of olive, forests of corkwood, and richly fertile valleys where winter is unknown, and which produce two or three harvests in the year, succeed one another.

And now the Sierra Nevada comes into view, and gives a glory to the scene which nothing but a series of snow-capped mountain peaks could give. At Loja we enter upon the rich and beautiful Vegas of Granada, rejoicing in perpetual sunshine, watered abundantly by innumerable streams replenished through the summer by the snows of the Sierra Nevada—a region of incredible fertility.

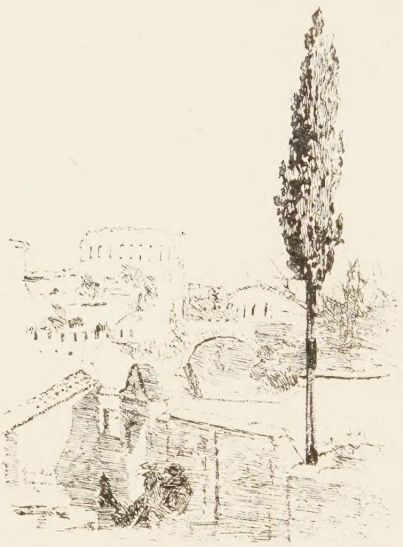
On the edge of this fertile plain,



IN THE MOSQUE CATHEDRAL, CORDOVA.

at the foot of some of the spurs of the Sierra Nevada, stands the city of Granada. At present it has a population of about eighty thousand; but at the beginning of the fourteenth century it had at least two hundred thousand. The object of greatest interest in Granada to-day is the Alhambra. On the summit of one of the hills of the city stands this royal fortress, or palace, which was capable of containing within its circuit forty thousand men. Of it Prescott says :

"The light and elegant architecture of this edifice, whose magnificent ruins still form the most interesting monument in Spain for the contemplation of the traveller, shows great advancement in the art since the construction of the celebrated mosque of Cordova. Its graceful porticos and colonnades, its domes and ceilings,



AQUEDUCT OF THE ALHAMBRA.

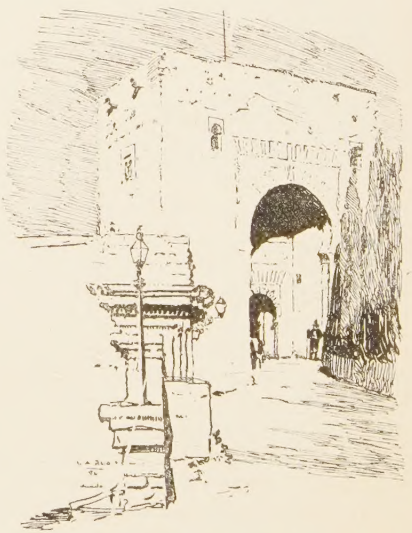
glowing with tints which in the transparent atmosphere have lost nothing of their original brilliancy, its airy halls, so constructed as to admit the perfume of surrounding gardens and agreeable ventilation of the air, and its fountains, which still shed their coolness over its deserted courts, manifest at once the taste, opulence and Sybarite luxury of its proprietors."

This is as much about the Alhambra as can be compressed into a sentence or two; for a fuller account of it the reader is referred to Washington Irving's incomparable description; but no word-painting, however vivid, can convey to the mind an adequate conception of the magnificence of this venerable pile of buildings, which stands to-day as it stood in the days of Boabdil. Across the ravine, among pompous groves and hanging gardens, is the Generalliffe—a summer palace of the Moorish kings, to which they resorted during the sultry months.

Ronda is one of the most picturesque cities in Europe. It stands on a steep rock encircled by the Guadiana, which foams and dashes through a chasm so narrow as to be bridged over. The bridge which spans the Tajo, or rift in the rock, is a most striking object as looked at from beneath. At a height of six or seven hundred feet above the Moorish mills and castle in the valley, it seems as though suspended from the clouds. The beautiful river, emerging into light and sunshine from the gloomy defiles through which it has struggled, leaps from rock to rock as though rejoicing in its emancipation. The whole scene fully justifies the enthusiastic exclamation of Ford: "There is but one Ronda in the world."

But at this point the present record of our wanderings must end. Time and space have their limits, beyond which the wanderer, whether literal or literary, cannot pass. It is not possible, however, to turn our back upon this interesting country without a sigh.

Spain has all the natural resources necessary to secure for it the highest state of prosperity. The exuberant fertility of its soil, its inexhaustible mineral treasure, its commanding position on the great highway of the nations, and the in-



THE GATE OF JUSTICE.

dustry, energy, and capacity of its people, all seem to indicate that it was designed by Providence to occupy a high position among the nations. And only three centuries ago it held unquestionably the first place in Europe. But, as a recent writer has said, "under the paralyzing influence of political tyranny and religious bigotry, its cities have fallen into decay; its fields have been smitten with barrenness; its commerce and manufactures have perished. It contains but the ruin of its former greatness." There is evidently nothing but a free Gospel, and a powerful revival of pure spiritual religion which can recover it from the condition of apparently hopeless paralysis into which it has fallen.

There are two routes open to the tourist who desires to enter Spain. He can do so either by land or by sea. We have already crossed the Pyrenees and proceeded by the Northern line of railway to Madrid. Our present purpose being to visit Andalusia, at the southern extremity of the Peninsula, it will be more convenient for us to proceed by sea, and by the Guadalquiver directly to Seville. Here we are in the very heart of Andalusia, the land of the olive, the orange, and the ever-fruitful vine. This semi-tropical province boasts of the finest wines and fruits, the best horses and cattle, the fiercest bulls and the handsomest people to be found in all Spain. The sites of its cities rival, in their entrancing beauty, those of any other European land. Indeed, all things assume an air of unique beauty, and picturesque grace, in the land of sun and light. It has been remarked that the Gipsy race, avoided and abhorred in all other countries of Europe, at Granada as at Moscow, becomes one of the attractions of the tourist.

GREAT BRIDGE OF RONDA.

Seville is the typical province of Andalusia. Though the Moors have left deeper traces, in some respects, in Granada, in Seville they have fused more thoroughly with

the population, and have given it the Oriental grace and culture which is lacking at the former place.

Of the monuments of Moorish art, space will permit us to mention but two—the Giralda and the Alcazar. The former of these is by far the finest relic of purely Moorish architecture in this part of Spain. This famous tower rises to a height of three hundred and fifty feet from the angle of the Patio de los Narranjos, or court of orange trees, and is surmounted by a vane or weather-cock (girandola), from which it takes its name. The weather-cock itself is an object of interest, It is the figure of a woman, and so finely balanced is it that, though weighing nearly three tons, it turns at the slightest breeze. Concerning it a recent writer—an ungallant Englishman, and possibly an old bachelor—observes: "Oddly enough, it represents faith, and innumerable are the jokes current in Spain at the expense of the Sevillanos, who have chosen a woman and a weather-cock—the emblems of fickleness and inconstancy—to represent the virtue which ought to be, before all things, steadfast."

MOORISH GATE, RONDA.

Originally this magnificent tower, which formed a part of the great mosque of Seville terminated in an immense iron globe, plated with burnished gold; and immediately beneath this gilded ball was the gallery from which the muezzin called the people to prayer. Every morning from this lofty perch, three hundred feet above the sleeping city, as the sun began to illuminate the horizon, sounded out the solemn cry so familiar throughout the Moslem world: "Great is Allah! There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet! Come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep!"

We rejoice in the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent; we prefer even an imperfect form of Christianity to Moslemism; and we earnestly pray for the coming of the day when the pure gospel shall not only be proclaimed, but accepted everywhere, and

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Doth his successive journeys run."

But we cannot withhold our respect and admiration from these people who, guided by the dim light which was in them, were found every morning waiting for the dawn to begin their devotions. Would that, with a purer creed, we had more of their consistency and devotion.

Standing proudly on a rocky eminence, the imposing grandeur of the site of Toledo, its air of venerable antiquity, and its picturesque Oriental aspect, can scarcely fail to profoundly impress one who sees it for the first time. Vulgar tradition

MOORISH BRIDGE, RONDA.

makes it the capital of Spain, when Adam, the progenitor of the race, was king. The Jews assert that it was built by their forefathers, who fled from Palestine in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon. They derive its name from the Hebrew word, *Toledoth*, understanding it to mean "City of Generations." Without going so far back, however, it is well known that it was taken by Marcus Flavius Novilios, one hundred and ninety-three years before the Christian era, and it had evidently attained to a position of considerable importance long before that. On the whole, its claim to be considered one of the oldest cities in Europe seems to be pretty well established.

BY WISDOM LED.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John xiii. 7.

Shrink not from journeying o'er the road
That is appointed by thy God;
It may not be or smooth or bright,
But all His ways are wise and right.

And by-and-bye thyself shalt see
The reason of His choice for thee;
For in the light before His throne
Thou, too, shalt know, as thou art known.

Then courage! courage! drooping soul,
Fix but thine eyes upon the goal—
And so press on! The end will tell
That He hath always chosen well.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

CANADA DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA:

AN HISTORICAL REVIEW.

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. LAVAL.

OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.
—*From Hawkins' "Pictures of Quebec," 1834.*

II.

I have endeavoured to summarize as briefly as possible the actual state of affairs in the first years of the Queen's reign. It was a most critical time in the career of the Canadian provinces. Had the British Government been prepared to act with haste or temper, the consequences would have been fatal to the provinces; but they acted throughout on the whole with much discretion, and recognized the fact at the outset that mistakes had been made in the past, and that it was quite clear that the people of Canada would not be satisfied with a mere semblance of a representative government. The mission of Lord Durham, who came to Canada as Governor-General in 1838, was a turning-point in the political and social development of the British North American colonies.

Whatever may be the opinion held as to the legality of the course he pursued with respect to the rebels —a number of whom he banished from the country without even a form of trial—there can be no doubt as to the discretion and wisdom embodied in his Report, of which Mr. Charles Buller, his able secretary, is generally considered to have been the writer. The statesmen of all parties in England, but especially Lord John Russell, aided in moulding a new policy towards the Canadas. This new policy, of which the reunion of the two provinces under one government was the foundation, was in the direction of entrusting a larger measure of self-government to the people—of giving them as complete control of their internal affairs as was compatible with the security and integrity of the empire.

The union of the Canadas in

ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC, 1897.

1841, when the French and English sections were equally represented in one legislature, was the first important step in the movement that has been steadily going on for many years in the direction of the unity and security, as well as of the social and political development of the provinces of British North America. Then followed between 1841 and 1849 the concession of responsible government in the fullest sense of the term, and the handing over to Canada of the control of her public revenues and taxes, to be expended in accordance with the wishes of the majority in the popular House. At the same time came the repeal of the navigation laws which had fettered colonial trade since the days of Cromwell. The post-office was given to the Canadian Government, and in fact all matters that could be considered to appertain to their provincial and local interests were placed under their immediate legislative jurisdiction.

The Canadian legislature, under the new impulse of a relatively unfettered action, went vigorously to work to lay the foundations of a municipal system as indispensable to the operations of local self-government. The troublesome land question, involved in the seigniorial tenure, was settled, after much agitation, on terms favourable to vested interests, while the clergy reserves were also arranged so as no longed to favour one church at the expense of others, or to impede the progress of settlement and cultivation. The union of the Canadas lasted until 1867, when it had outgrown its usefulness, and the provinces found it necessary to enter into a federation, which had been foreshadowed by Lord Durham and advocated by many eminent men even before his time.

Of all the conspicuous figures of those memorable times of political struggles, which already seem so far away from Canadians, who now possess so many political rights, there are three which stand out

ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC.

more prominently than all others and represent the two distinct types of politicians who influenced the public mind during the first part of this century. These are Papineau, Baldwin, and Howe. Around the figure of the first there has always been a sort of glamour which has helped to conceal his vanity, his rashness, and his want of political sagacity, which would have, under any circumstances, prevented his success as a safe statesman, capable of guiding a people through a trying ordeal. His eloquence was fervid and had much influence over his impulsive countrymen, his sincerity was undoubted, and in all likelihood his very indiscretions made more palpable the defects of the political system against which he so persistently and so often justly declaimed. He lived to see his countrymen enjoy power and influence under the very union which they resented, and to find himself no longer a leader among men, but isolated from a great majority of his own people, and representing a past whose methods were antagonistic to the new regime that had grown up since 1838.

It would have been well for his reputation had he remained in obscurity on his return from exile, and never stood on the floor of a united parliament, since he could only prove in those later times that he had never understood the true working of responsible government. The days of reckless agitation had passed, and the time for astute and calm statesmanship had come. Lafontaine and Morin were now safer political guides for his countrymen. He soon disappeared entirely from public view, and in the solitude of his picturesque chateau amid the groves that overhang the Ottawa River, only visited from time to time by a few staunch friends, or by tourists who found their way to that quiet spot, he passed the remainder of his days with a tranquillity in wondrous contrast to the stormy and eventful drama of his life. The writer of this paper has often seen his noble, dignified figure —erect even in age—passing unnoticed on the streets of Ottawa, when perhaps at the same time there were strangers walking through the lobbies of the Parliament House and asking to see his portrait.

One of the most admirable figures in the political history of the Dominion was undoubtedly Robert Baldwin. Compared with other popular leaders of his generation, he was calm in counsel, unselfish in motive, and moderate in opinion. If there is some significance in the political phrase, "Liberal-Conservative," it could be applied with justice to him. The "great ministry" of which he and Louis Hyppolite Lafontaine—afterwards a baronet and chief justice—were the leaders, left behind it many monuments of broad statesmanship, and made a deep impress on the institutions of the country. Mr. Baldwin, too, lived for years after his retirement from political life, almost forgotten by the people for whom he worked so fearlessly and sincerely.

KENT GATE, QUEBEC.
Erected during the reign of the Queen.

Joseph Howe, too, died about the same time as Papineau—after the establishment of the federal union; but unlike the majority of his compeers who struggled for popular rights, he was a prominent figure in public life until the very close of his career. All his days—even when his spirit was sorely tried by the obstinacy and indifference of some English ministers, he loved England, for he knew, after all, it was in her institutions his country could best find prosperity and happiness, and it is an interesting fact that among the many able essays and addresses which the question of Imperial Federation has drawn forth, none in its eloquence, breadth, and fervour can equal his great speech on the Consolidation of the Empire. The printer, poet and politician died at last at Halifax, the lieutenant-governor of his native province, in the famous old Government House, admittance to which had been denied him in the stormy times of Lord Falkland. A logical ending assuredly to the life of a statesman who, with eloquent pen and voice, in the days when the opinions he held were unpopular in the homes of governors and social leaders, ever urged the claims of his countrymen to exercise that direct control over the government of their country which should be theirs.

In New Brunswick the triumph of responsible government must always be associated with the name of Lemuel A. Wilmot, the descendant of a famous U. E. Loyalist stock, afterwards a judge and a lieutenant-governor of his native province. He was in some respects the most notable figure, after Joseph Howe and J. W. Johnston, the leaders of the Liberal and Conservative parties in Nova Scotia, in that famous body of public men, who so long brightened the political life of the maritrymen until the latest hours of his useful career.

> "A life in civic action warm ;
> A soul on highest mission sent ;
> A potent voice in parliament ;
> A pillar steadfast in the storm."

The results of the development of Canada since 1841 may be divided, for the purposes of this review, into the following phases :

Territorial Expansion.
Increase of Population and Wealth.
Political Development.

HALIFAX IN 1837.

From Martin's "British North America."

time provinces. But neither those two leaders nor their distinguished compeers, James Boyle Uniacke, William Young, John Hamilton Gray and Charles Fisher—all names familiar to students of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick history—surpassed Mr. Wilmot in that magnetic eloquence which carries an audience off its feet, in versatility of knowledge, in humorous sarcasm, and in conversational gifts which made him a most interesting personality in social life. He impressed his strong individuality upon his coun-

Social and Intellectual Progress.
National Unity.

From 1841 to 1867 the provinces of British North America remained isolated from each other as distinct political entities, only united by the tie of a common allegiance to one sovereign. Their political organization was confined to the country extending from the head of Lake Superior to the countries watered by the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. Of these provinces

Ontario was the most populous and the richest in agricultural wealth, although it has not as great an area as the province of Quebec, where a more rigorous climate and large mountainous tracts—the hills of the Laurentides—have rendered the country less favourable for extensive and productive farming operations. A very considerable portion of Ontario, even in those days, was a wilderness, and the principal cultivated tracts extended for a few miles from the St. Lawrence, and the most populous settlements lay between Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron. The confederation of 1867 brought four provinces into one territorial organization for general or Dominion purposes: Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—and it was not until 1873 that little Prince Edward Island, the garden of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, united its political fortunes with those of the young Confederation.

Earnest efforts were made to bring in Newfoundland, but purely selfish local considerations prevailed in that island over the national sentiment; though the unwisdom of the course pursued by the island politicians has become evident according as the fishery question with the United States comes up from time to time, and it is now quite clear that this large colony, which has been placed as a sentinel at the portals of Canada, must, ere long, fall into line with its sister colonies in North America.

VIEW OF ENTRANCE OF RIDEAU CANAL, 1837.

—Parliament Buildings now stand on height on right.

One of the most important results of Confederation in its early days was the annexation by the Dominion of that vast tract of country which, up to that time, had been almost exclusively in the possession of the Indians and the traders of the Hudson Bay Company—that region well described by General Butler as "the lone land," over whose trackless wastes French adventurers had

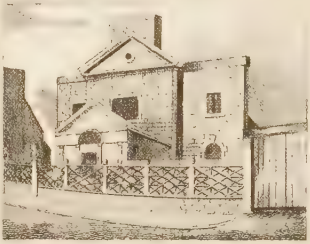
been the first to pass—a region of prairies, watered by great rivers and lakes, above whose western limits tower the lofty, picturesque ranges of the Rockies. Next came into Confederation the province of British Columbia, which extends from the Rockies to the waters of the Pacific Ocean—a country with a genial climate, with rapid rivers teeming with fish, with treasures of coal and gold, with sublime scenery only rivalled by California. A new province was formed in the Northwest, watered by the Red and the Assiniboine Rivers, and territorial districts, as large as European states, arranged for purposes of government out of the vast region that now, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, has been brought under the jurisdiction of the government of Canada.

Within a period of thirty years Canada has stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the territory now under her control is very little inferior in extent to that of the great Republic to the south, and contains within itself all the elements of a prosperous future. It is, unhappily, true that this result was not achieved until blood had been shed and much money expended in crushing the rebellious half-breeds led by the reckless Riel; but, apart from this sad feature of Canadian history, this important acquisition of territory, the first step in the formation of an empire in the west, has been attained under circumstances highly advantageous to the Dominion.

Canada now possesses an immense territory of varied resources—the maritime provinces with their coal, fish and shipping, together with a valuable, if limited, agricultural area, not yet fully developed; the large province of Quebec, with ranges of mountains on whose slopes, when denuded of their rich timber, may graze thousands of cattle and sheep, with valuable tracts of meadow lands, capable of raising the best cereals, and already supporting some of the finest cattle of the continent; the rich province of Ontario, which continues to be the chief agricultural section of the Dominion, and whose cities and towns are full of busy industries; the vast Northwest region still in the very infancy of its development, destined to give the Confederation several provinces outside of Manitoba, as large and productive as Minnesota, and to be the principal wheat-growing district of Canada; and, finally, the gold-producing province of British Columbia, whose mountains are rich with undeveloped treasures, and whose mild climate invites a considerable industrious population to cultivate its slopes and plateaus, and collect the riches of its river and deep-sea fisheries. Even that inhospitable Arctic region of the far northwest of Canada through which the Yukon and its tributaries flow appears to be rich with untold treasures of gold and other minerals, and promises to be a source of wealth to a country which is still in the infancy of its material development.

The population, which owns this vast territory, is confined chiefly at present to the countries by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean. A considerable number of people have within a few years flowed into the Northwest, where the province of Manitoba is exhibiting all the signs of a prosperous agricultural country, and its capital, Winnipeg, has grown up in the course of sixteen years into a city of nearly 30,000 souls. The population of the whole Dominion may now be estimated at about 5,200,000 souls, and has increased fourfold since 1837. Of this population more than a million and a quarter are the descendants of 70,000 or 65,000 people who were probably living in the French pro-

CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL



St ANDREWS CHURCH

CHRIST'S CHURCH

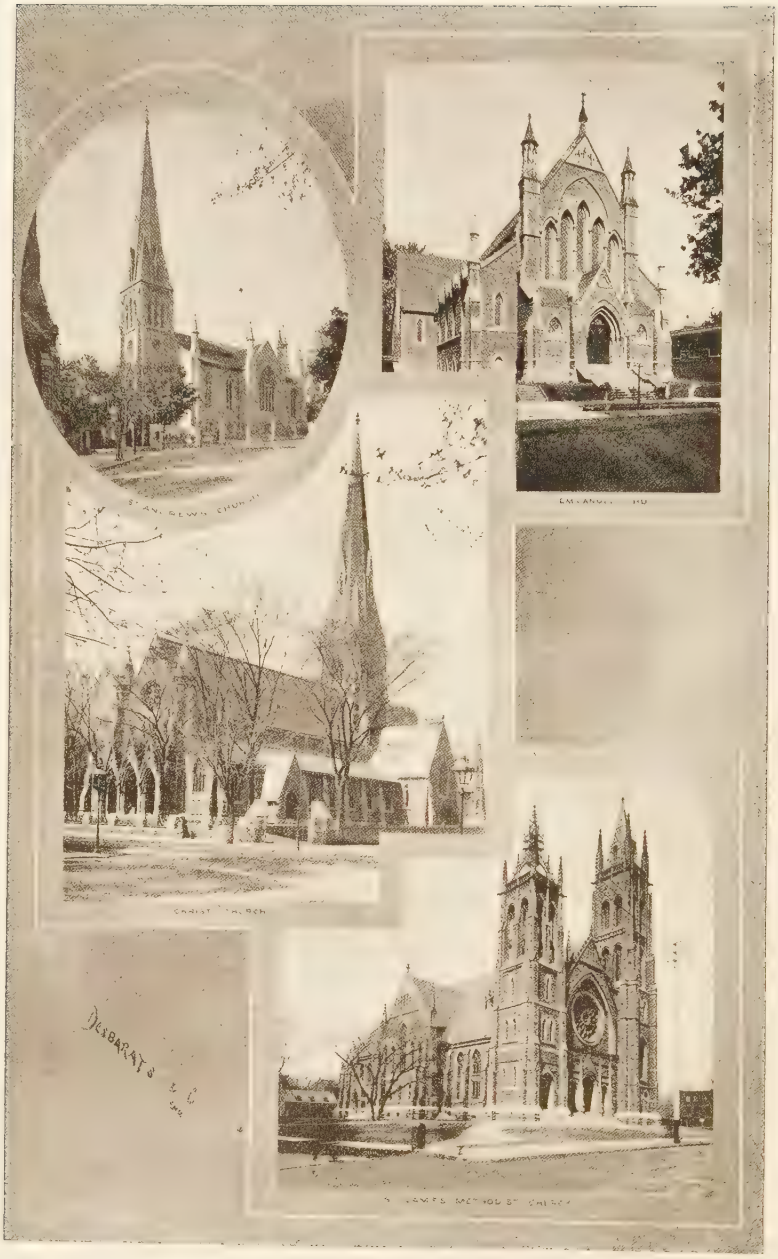
WESLYAN CHAPEL

SOME MONTREAL CHURCHES IN 1838.

—*From Bosworth's "Hochelaga Depicta."*

vince at the time of the conquest (1759-60). The remainder of the population is made up of English, Scotch and Irish. The immigration of late years has been insignificant compared with that which has come into the United States, and consequently at present the natural born population amounts to about 85.09 per cent. of the whole. The people of Canada have already won for themselves a large amount of wealth from the riches of the land, forest, and seas. The total value of the imports is now about $110,000,000, and of exports at least $120,000,000, or an aggregate of $230,000,000 a year, an increase of $175,000,000 within half a century. Of this large export trade at least $50,000,000 represent the products of the farms. The province of Ontario now raises over 28,000,000 bushels of wheat alone, or an increase of over 19,000,000 since 1837. The Northwest and Manitoba raise upwards of 50,000,000 bushels, or an increase of 20,000,000 in ten years. The people have now deposited in government savings-banks, leaving out of the calculation the ordinary monetary institutions of the country, about $60,000,000, made up of about 176,000 depositors, mechanics, farmers, and people of limited means. For years the only industries of importance were the building of ships, the cutting of timber, and a few ill-supported manufactures of iron and various hard and soft wares. Now there is upwards of $360,000,000 invested in manufactures, chiefly cotton and woollen goods, of which the coarser fabrics compete successfully with English goods in the Canadian market, even crowding out certain classes entirely. Some fourteen lines of ocean steamers call at the port of Montreal, which has now a population of over 350,000. Toronto comes next in population, about 194,000, whilst the other cities, like Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Ottawa, Brantford, Guelph, St. Catharines, Fredericton, Hamilton, London, range from 60,000 to 8,000. The aggregate of the population of the cities and towns with over 10,000 population amounts to some 1,000,000 souls, or the total population of Canada in 1837. The urban population of Canada increased in 1891 to 1,390,910, compared with 912,934 in 1881, or an increase of 28.77 per cent. in ten years, illustrating that there has been going on the same movement that has prevailed in the United States. The total revenue of the Dominion, apart from the local and provincial revenues, is about $37,000,000 a year, raised mainly from customs and excise duties, which are high, owing to a largely protective policy, although much lower than those on similar goods in the United States.

If the expenditures of Canada of late years have been very large, they have been mainly caused by the development of the country, and by the necessity of providing rapid means of intercommunication for trade and population in a country extending between two oceans. Canals, lighthouses, railways, the acquisition and opening up of the Northwest, and government buildings, have absorbed at least $200,000,000 since 1867, and it is not remarkable, under these circumstances, that a gross debt has been accumulated within half a century of over $325,000,000, against which must be set valuable assets in the shape of buildings and public works necessary to the progress of a new country. The public buildings, churches, and universities display within a quarter of a century a great improvement in architectural beauty, whilst the homes of the people show, both in the interior and exterior, decided evidences of comfort, convenience and culture. Instead of the fourteen miles of railway which existed in 1837, there are now over 16,000 miles in actual



SOME MONTREAL CHURCHES. 1900.

operation, affording facilities for trade and commerce not exceeded by any country in the world. One of these railways, the Canadian Pacific, which reaches from Quebec to Vancouver, on the Pacific Ocean, is the most remarkable illustration of railway enterprise ever shown by any country; certainly without a parallel for rapidity of construction, even in the United States, with all its wealth, population, and commercial energy. These railways represent an investment of nearly $1,000,000,000 in the shape of capital stock, municipal and government bonuses. The interprovincial trade —a direct result of the federation— is at least $120,000,000 dollars a year.

These are some of the most remarkable evidences of material development which Canada has exhibited within fifty years. All those who wish to pursue the subject further need only refer to the official publications of the Government to see that the fisheries, the timber trade, and the agricultural products of Canada have all increased in the same ratio, notwithstanding commercial crises, bad harvests, and depression produced in certain branches of industry by the policy pursued by the United States for some years towards the Canadian Dominion. When we consider that the United States has received the great bulk of immigration for half a century, and that it is only quite recently that a deep interest has been taken in the development of the Dominion by the people of Europe, it is remarkable that in every branch of trade and industry so steady a progress has been made during the reign.

OUR STAY IN DEATH.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices from out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be Thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father! Let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A TYPICAL SCENE IN FIJI.

THE REDEMPTION OF FIJI.

BY THE EDITOR.

A FIJIAN CHIEF'S HOUSE.

The Fiji Islands form a large group, some two hundred and twenty-five in number, scattered over an area in the Southern Pacific of two hundred and fifty miles by three hundred and seventy miles. About one hundred and forty only of these islands are inhabited. The population in 1893 was 125,442. The largest of these islands, Vitu Levu, is about the same size as Jamaica. The story of this fair and fertile group, long the habitation of cruelty, is one of intense interest. That a Lincolnshire ploughboy, who grew up to manhood with no educational advantages, should, before his thirty-sixth year, be the chief instrument in the conversion to Christianity and civilization of one of the most barbarous races of cannibals on the face of the earth, is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of Christian missions.

The father of John Hunt had been a soldier, but deserted and entered the navy. He was with Nelson at the battle of the Nile, and from hearing his fireside stories, his son resolved to be himself a hero. Young Hunt was put, at ten years of age, to the hard work of ploughboy. At sixteen he fell ill of brain fever, and was brought to the verge of the grave. His soul was filled with dread, and on his recovery he began to attend a Methodist chapel. As he followed the plough, thoughts of eternity agitated his mind and so engrossed his thoughts that, once being ordered to take a load of corn to market, he set off with an empty waggon. He became soundly converted, and, being full of zeal, he was soon asked to address a village congregation. His first attempt was a failure. His thoughts took flight. He sat down

overwhelmed with confusion, and went home sad and discouraged. Conscious of his want of culture, he caught at every chance of training his mind by attending night school and learning to read and write.

In spite of his uncouth appearance and rustic brogue he became a favourite with the rural congregations which he addressed. He was still a hard-working farm servant. After walking many miles on Sunday, often not reaching home till midnight, he was in the stables grooming his horses at four o'clock next morning. Being asked if he would like to become a preacher, he confessed that he would like to go as a servant with a missionary to South Africa and teach in a Sunday-school, so modest was his ambition. The mission secretaries rather laughed at the idea; but he was recommended for the ministry, and at length was sent to the Hoxton Training School. He devoted himself with energy to English, Latin, Greek, and theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress"—and during vacation this raw ploughboy was sent to preach, of all places in the world, in the collegiate city of Oxford.

About two years before this, two Wesleyan missionaries had gone as pioneers from Australia to Fiji. Their account of the cannibal orgies of the islands was a revelation of horror to England. The Wesleyan Mission House issued an appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," which stirred the societies throughout the kingdom. Young Hunt and James Calvert, a Yorkshire lad who had recently completed his apprenticeship as printer and bookbinder, were chosen to reinforce that little band among cannibals. A fellow-student condoled with Hunt on the perils which he must encounter. "That's not it," exclaimed the brave-souled man. "There is a poor girl in Lincolnshire who will never go with me to Fiji; her mother will never consent!" He wrote at once a manly letter to his betrothed, releasing her from her engagement. In a few days he burst into his friend's room, saying, "It's all right! She'll go with me anywhere." In a few weeks they were married and on their way to the scene of their future trials and triumphs at the antipodes. At Sydney they met John Williams, the destined martyr of Erromanga, and they sailed the same day to their different fields of toil.

On reaching Fiji, December 22, 1838, the young missionary and his wife were appointed to Rewa, a solitary station remote from Christian aid or sympathy. They went undismayed to their arduous post. "They soon found," said Bishop Walsh, "that so far as the cruelties of the people were concerned the half had not been told them. The Fijians were, perhaps, the most deeply degraded race of human beings that had ever been met with in any of the South Sea Islands. They were superstitious, cruel, and revengeful in the extreme, and addicted to war and bloodshed, in connection with which they often committed deeds of savage barbarity a description of which would not be fit for the ears of civilized Christian people."

In personal appearance the Fijians are stout and robust. They care little about clothing, except on state occasions, when they paint their bodies and pay special attention to the dressing of the hair, which is arrayed in the most extraordinary and fantastic manner. We continue to quote as follows from Bishop Walsh's graphic sketch:

"Infanticide and cannibalism flourished in even darker forms than in other savage lands. Two-thirds of all the children were killed in infancy, and every village had an executioner appointed to carry out

this deed of blood. Those who survived were early trained to the darkest deeds. Dead bodies were handed over to young children to hack and hew ; living captives were given up to them to mutilate and torture. No marvel if we read that sick and aged parents were put out of the way by the clubs of their own offspring, and that hoary hairs and failing strength excited neither reverence nor compassion. As to cannibalism, it had become an epicurean art. It was no uncommon thing for a man to select his best wife or his most tender child for the dreadful festival, and even to invite his friends to the awful banquet.

"Ra Undreundu kept a register by

AN AQUATIC EXPEDITION.

means of stones of the bodies which he had eaten, and they numbered nine hundred! The horrid practice mingled itself with all the acts of life and worship. The building of a canoe, the burial of the dead, the payment of tax, and even the taking down of a mast, were each accompanied with this revolting ceremonial. A chief has been known to kill eight or ten men in order to make rollers for the launching of his canoe, and the ovens were previously ablaze to cook them for his banquet. We must draw the veil over still darker scenes which will not endure recital in Christian ears."

Amid all this savagery Mr. Hunt writes: "I feel myself saved from almost all fear, though surrounded with men who have scarcely any regard for human life. We are in the hands of a God whom even the heathen fear when they hear of him. The people at Lakemba say that their god has actually left the island because our God has beaten him till his bones are sore!" Before long converts were made to the religion of the cross, and with conversion came persecution of the Christian neophytes, who were pillaged of their property by the heathen. Yet the sufferers bore with noble cheerfulness "the spoiling of their goods."

After seven months Mr. Hunt, his colleague, Mr. Lyte, and their two wives, removed to the island of Samosamo, where only one white man had ever gone, and he a short time before had been barbarously murdered. Their reception was disheartening, and the scenes which they were compelled to witness were appalling in the extreme.

Within a week news came that the king's youngest son was lost at sea. Forthwith an order was issued that sixteen women, some of them

of high rank, should be strangled, and, despite Hunt's entreaties, they were put to death and then burned in front of the mission house, amid the blast of conches and the yells of incarnate demons. Some months later eleven men were dragged with ropes to ovens and roasted for a banquet, and when the missionary's wife closed the window blinds against the sight of the horrid festival, the infuriated natives threatened to burn down the house unless they were reopened. War canoes were launched on living human bodies as rollers. It was considered the honourable thing for a wife to be strangled when her husband died. Sometimes a dozen or more wives of a chief were thus put to death and buried with their husband.

In 1840 Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Navy, visited the island, and so deplorable was the condition of the missionaries that he offered to convey them away, but they refused to go, although even the chiefs commanded them to depart.

During this time the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission house that the smell from them was sickening, and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench. Among all the perils and annoyances Mr. Hunt steadily and earnestly went about his work, always—to use his favourite expression—"turning his care into prayer."

A TYPICAL FIJIAN HOME.

After three years of apparently unrequited toil at Samosamo Mr. Hunt removed to Viwa, where the last six years of his life were spent. Though broken in health he devoted himself with increased zeal to toil and study, teaching, preaching, translating. To him belongs the honour of giving the New Testament to the Fijians in their native tongue, and it was soon printed on an imported press. He kept up, also, his personal studies, reading Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Com-

mentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken, and though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upward of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were a few years ago some of the worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting 'We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord,' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst upon the Christians of Viwa. The neighbouring heathen made relentless war upon them. "O, if you missionaries would go away," they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

PREPARING FOR A FEAST.

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed

earnestly for the missionary. "O Lord," Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad, but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me ! take ten of us ! but spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people !"

As he neared his end the missionary confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji ! save Fiji !

A FIJIAN WARRIOR.

Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji; my heart has travailed for Fiji !" Then, grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again: "O, let me pray once more for Fiji ! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji ! save Fiji !" Turning to his mourning wife, he said, "If this be dying, praise the Lord !" Presently, as his eyes looked up with a bright joy that defied death, he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise him abundantly !" and with the note of triumph, "Hallelujah," on his lips, he joined the worship of the skies.

The next day his coffin was borne by native students to the grave. It had on it no emblazonry, and no record but his name, age—thirty-six years, the date of his death, and the words:

REV. JOHN HUNT,

"SLEPT IN JESUS, OCTOBER 4TH, 1848."

The good work so auspiciously begun by Hunt and his associates has been carried on with glorious results. The mission band has been reinforced, till, in 1892, there were employed, besides about a score of European missionaries, 70 native preachers, 1,126 native catechists; 2,081 local preachers, 3,405 class-leaders, with 106,000 attendants on public worship, out of a population of 120,000. The people have erected for themselves 979 chapels, which are out of debt, and 334 other preaching places. Every Sunday there are 1,200 pulpits filled by native Fiji preachers, and during the week 1,951 day schools are conducted for the instruction of over 38,307 scholars, each village supporting its own schools.

In 1874 the islands became, by petition of their inhabitants, a colony of Great Britain, and the following year Sir Arthur Gordon was appointed first Governor. The British Governor receives a salary of $10,000 a year, paid by the colony. One hundred and sixty native chiefs are employed in administrative capacities, besides 33 native stipendiary magistrates, associated with 13 European magistrates, in the administration of justice.

Fiji abounds in magnificent har-

bours. In natural beauty it is a perfect "land of the lotus-eaters," with volcanic peaks and lovely vales covered with richest vegetation. Among its products are cotton, coffee, tea, sugar, sago, cocoa, rice, India rubber, and spices. The revenue of the country increased in four years from £16,433 in 1875 to £80,678 in 1880.

"The foreign trade of these, till recently, cannibal people in 1891 amounted to £727,383, the exports being £474,334 and the imports £253,049. There are in the colony eleven sugar mills, which in 1892—the latest figures we have—exported 18,883 tons, valued at over £300,000. Among the imports of 1892, amounting to £253,586, were drapery, £48,022—when the missionaries went there first their drapery bill was a very small one;—meat, £11,844; breadstuffs, £28,449; fertilizers, £10,600; coal, £18,449; iron ware, £18,889; machinery, £8,251. Other exports are tea; bananas, £62,442; peanuts, £7,074; copra, or dried kernel of cocoanut, 5,937 tons, valued at £49,723.

"During the year 1892, 63 steamers and 28 sailing vessels arrived at the colony, besides 331 local vessels, 241 of which are owned by natives.

"In 1892 there passed through the post-office in local correspondence 216,588 letters, 131,467 papers, and 150,071 book packets; and in foreign correspondence 110,251 letters, 94,074 papers, and 8,967 book packets.

"This moral elevation, these churches and schools, these many thousands of changed lives and happy deaths, are the direct results of Christian missions, and this wonderful development of commerce and civilization, perhaps, is a scarcely less direct consequence."

In 1885 the jubilee of Christianity was celebrated in Fiji. Mr. Calvert, then seventy-two years of age, left England to attend it. Referring to this visit he said:

"In 1835, when the mission commenced, there was not a single Christian in Fiji. In 1885, there was not an avowed heathen in all the inhabited islands. Out of a population of 110,000, 104,585 were attendants on public worship. Now marriage is sacred, family worship regularly conducted, schools are everywhere established, law and good government firmly laid, and spiritual churches formed and prosperous. The language has been reduced to written form and made one, doing away with the plague of many dialects. Eight thousand copies of the Bible in two editions, and fifty thousand of the New Testament, have been purchased. Catechisms, with Scripture proofs, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and three editions of John Hunt's invaluable *Christian Theology* have been widely circulated. We had no night of toil. God was with us from the beginning, and ever confirmed His word with signs following. These converts were whole-hearted, and very true and faithful. Their thorough change of heart, wrought by the Holy Spirit, was manifest to all. They became living epistles, read and known and felt by all who knew them. This personal Christian experience told amazingly among the dark and simple-minded Fijians, and it tells everywhere. The Fijian Church is also continually sending native missionaries to other distant lands to preach Christ in other tongues. This many of them do successfully."

Levuka, the capital of Fiji, has three handsome European churches, a government house, supreme court, Masonic, Good Templars', and Odd Fellows' halls, Mechanics' Institute, club room, bank, two tri-weekly papers, stores, hotels, and—another sign of civilization—a single cab.

Many are the testimonies given as to the success of the Wesleyan missions by persons in no wise prejudiced in their favour. One of the most striking of these is the following, by the chaplain of the British man-of-war *Brisk*, as to the success of Fiji missions:

"Never was I so much impressed," he says, "with the power of divine truth as when I stood in the midst of a native congregation at Bau of over seven hundred; the king, seated in a dignified manner in an arm-chair, with his large Bible before him; the queen, the finest specimen of 'the human form divine' that I ever saw, in a conspicuous place among the women; and heard the Gospel preached by a native minister, and the accents of their praise ascending on high like the voice of many waters. The church is a large native building, capable of holding one thousand

A FIJIAN BELLE.

persons, and displays great ingenuity in its style of architecture. It is situated within a few yards of the ruins of an old heathen temple, where human sacrifices where wont to be offered to the gods previous to their being cooked and eaten. The ovens which were used for this revolting purpose of cooking the victims are still to be seen, filled with earth, and quite close to the church."

But the fullest testimony is that of Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, a lady of celebrity as a traveller and author, who, by invitation, accompanied Sir Arthur and Lady Gordon as a member of their family. Miss Cumming spent two years in Fiji, during which time she explored most of the inhabited islands, mingled freely with the people in their homes and at social and public gatherings, and was a careful observer of their customs, manners and morals. She vividly describes the wonderful transition which has ensued from the most savage barbarism to Christian civilization by the introduction of the Gospel.

"Strange, indeed," she writes, "is the change that has come over these isles since first the Wesleyan missionaries landed here in 1835, resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to bring the light of Christianity to these ferocious cannibals. Imagine the faith and courage of the two white men, without any visible protection, landing in the midst of these bloodthirsty hordes, whose unknown language they had in the first instance to master, and day after day witnessing such scenes as chills one's blood to hear about. Many such have been described to me by eye-witnesses. Slow and disheartening was their labour for many years; yet so well has that little leaven worked that, with the exception of Kai Tholos, the wild highlanders who still hold out in the mountain fastnesses, the inhabited isles have all abjured cannibalism and other frightful customs, and have *lotuted* (that is, embraced Christianity) in such good earnest as may well put to shame many more civilized nations.

"I often wish that some of the cavillers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see some of their results in these isles. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbour and the land had no rest from inter-tribal wars, in which the foe, without respect of age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef—the prisoners deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs cut off from living men and women and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose; and this, not in time of war, when such atrocity might be deemed less inexcusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice or appetite of the moment.

"Think of the sick buried alive; the array of widows who were deliberately

strangled on the death of any great man; the living victims who were buried beside every post of a chief's house, and must needs stand clasping it while the earth was gradually heaped over their devoted heads; a time when there was not the slightest security for life or property, and no man knew how quickly his own hour of doom might come; when whole villages were depopulated simply to supply their neighbours with fresh meat!

"Just think of all this and of the change that has been wrought, and then just imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you can pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the lightly inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations; that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound that greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

One great chief after another was converted, but the most remarkable of all was the conversion of King Thakombaw, the powerful monarch of Fiji. Captain Erskine, of Her Majesty's steamship *Havannah,* who visited Fiji in 1849, thus describes Thakombaw: "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief. Of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned. His countenance, with far less of the negro cast than among the lower orders, was agreeable and intelligent. In 1857 he was publicly baptized. He had been requested to address an assembly after his baptism. He did so. What a congregation he had! Widows whose husbands he had slain; people whose relatives had been strangled by his orders; those whose friends he had eaten; and children, the descendants of people he had murdered, and who had vowed to avenge the wrongs inflicted on their fathers. A thousand stony hearts heaved with fear and astonishment as Thakombaw said:

"'I have been a bad man. The missionaries came and invited me to embrace Christianity, but I said, "I will continue to fight." God has singularly preserved my life. I desire to acknowledge Him as the only and the true God. I have scourged the world.'

"He was deeply affected, and spoke with great diffidence. He showed his sincerity by dismissing his many wives and publicly marrying the chief one, Andi Lydia Samanunu. From this time he took no retrograde step. His thirst for knowledge grew, and the touching spectacle was often witnessed of his efforts to learn to read, taught by his own little children. The Rev. J. Nettleton, who was his chaplain for seven years, said he never met with a more devoted, earnest and consistent Christian. He died in 1883, and the *Fijian Times,* a secular paper, said: 'His influence on the side of Christianity and of good in general has been greater than that of any chief or combination of chiefs throughout the islands. Since his conversion and baptism he has led a worthy life, and, eminent before for tyranny, licentiousness, and disregard of human life, he has since been free from reproach, chaste in conduct, and considerate of the people!"

The conversion of Fiji was pre-eminently God's work—the work of the Holy Spirit. The work at Ono was a remarkable instance of this. Without any prompting except that which must have come from God's good Spirit, these people began to grope from their own deep heathen darkness toward the light:

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

In 1835, about the same time that

the Mission to Fiji was commenced, a desire arose among these people for better gods than they had. One of their chiefs had heard from a Friendly Islander that there was but one God, and that one day in seven ought to be set apart for His worship. As soon as this news reached them they determined to worship this unknown God. A difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest. Moved either by fear or compassion or honour, he consented, and asked this new God to keep and bless the people, at the same time acknowledging that he himself worshipped a different God and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbours.

It was a long time before their wishes for a teacher could be made known. A storm drove a boat full of Tongans, returning home, far out of their course. They landed on an island fifty miles from Ono. One of them was a Christian, and when he heard of what was going on at Ono went there and taught them what he knew. When a regular Christian teacher reached them he found one hundred and twenty persons who had renounced heathenism. The work spread on every hand. The missionaries bore testimony that "of all the work in Fiji, that at Ono has been the most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands."

The genuine and sturdy character of the religion of these Fijian converts has proved itself on many signal occasions. Manfully have many of them endured persecution, exile, and death rather than compromise their principles. Forty native Fijians have gone as missionaries to New Guinea, a land more degraded than even their own had been, and through their labours two thousand three hundred of the inhabitants became Christians. The Fijians make good missionaries; difficulties do not dishearten nor perils affright them. Where one falls under the club of the savage—and many have so fallen—others are ready to take up his work and proclaim to his murderers both the law and the Gospel.

In 1877 Mr. Brown, a Wesleyan Missionary, with nine native Fiji preachers (seven of them married, and accompanied by their wives), sailed in the mission brig *John Wesley* to carry to the savages of New Britain the Gospel of Christ. Before they sailed the British consul remonstrated with them on the peril of the attempt, but they replied, "We know the danger; we are willing to go. If we get killed, well; if we live, well."

News was soon received that four of them were eaten, and that their wives and little ones were threatened with a similar fate. "These distressing tidings," says Miss Gordon Cumming, "reached Fiji just as a fresh detachment of teachers was about to start for New Britain. Their determination was in no degree shaken. One of them expressed the determination of them all when he said, 'If the people kill and eat my body I shall go to a place where there is no more pain or death; it is all right.' One of the wives was asked whether she still intended to accompany her husband to a scene of so great danger. She replied, 'I am like the outrigger of a canoe—where the canoe goes, there you will surely find the outrigger!' Brave helpmeets these!"

Bishop Walsh, a prelate of the Anglican Church, pays this generous tribute to the lowly Lincolnshire ploughman whose life and work we have sketched: "Fiji is not only a gem in the British crown, but a precious jewel in the missionary diadem; and to John Hunt, above all other men, belongs the honour of having placed it there!"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.*

BY THE REV. S. DWIGHT CHOWN, D.D.

We shall endeavour to approach this subject in the spirit of scientific soberness, avoiding prejudgment and harsh descriptive epithets of every kind, nor would we even provoke an idle or a needless smile.

The plan of the paper is very simple. We do not attempt to deny that the devotees of Christian Science produce large numbers of cures, both of nervous and organic diseases in attestation of their by no means too modest claims.

The question that seems vital to us is : Must we accept the teaching of Christian Science in order to account for these happy results ? In so saying, we do not intend to imply that the nexus between cause and effect is severed in any instance, but merely to point out that the results reached under the supervision of Christian Scientists are due to a cause or causes other than the one to which they are attributed by them. In other words, we must utter our protest in this paper against the assumption that the cures associated with the practice of Christian Science are due to its theological or quasi philosophical assertions.

We feel somewhat confident in taking this position, because many of the tenets relied upon to produce therapeutic effects are demonstrably false, if not foolish; and the cures cited, so far as they are genuine, can be accounted for upon other, and rational grounds.

The chief difficulties of our subject are two. First,—the unusual and ambiguous—perhaps, in courtesy, I may say the esoteric—meaning which Christian Science gives to words which are in current use amongst us, and have a well-recognized but different meaning in the intercourse of normal humanity. And, secondly, the dogmatic unwillingness of Christian Science to accept and abide by the intuitive declarations of the ordinary human intelligence.

As an example of the first difficulty, take the word " matter." We are in the habit of thinking of matter as that which makes up the substance of anything—the material of which anything is composed—the elements of the cosmos with which we become acquainted in the use of the five senses of smell, taste, hearing, sight and touch. This seems to be the simple verdict of common sense. Mrs. Eddy, however, affirms that " nothing we can say or believe concerning matter is true except that matter is unreal."* Here let us simply note that the word " unreal " is used in a sense not in accordance with common thought. She says : " Mind is all and matter is naught." " There is no such thing as matter," p. 379.

It is not necessary in this connection to discuss how we arrive at the conviction of the existence of matter, nor what particular conception of matter may be most satisfactory. Suffice it to say that such a conviction is in possession of the average and ordinary human mind, and that substantiality, or the power of producing sensation and perception, is to the ordinary mind proof of reality. Of course, if any one refuse to admit the truth of that statement, if he deny the testimony of our five senses, my words will be

* A paper read before Trinity University, Toronto, and before the Theological Conference of Victoria University, Toronto.

* The citations from Mrs. Eddy are from the 23rd edition of her "Science and Health."

to him only vanity, if indeed they are not vexation of spirit.

But this I would say, that there is no barrier between him and universal scepticism, for if we cannot believe the testimony of our mind when receiving its perceptions through the five senses and bearing witness to objects and things about us, we can advance no sufficient reason for believing its testimony when certifying to the presence of thoughts within us. We have not two minds, one of which we may call mortal mind, that deals with the delusions of sense, and is itself deluded; and another, a spirit mind, which is cognizant of the subjective realities of thought alone. We have but one mind engaged in this dual activity.

It is conceivable that the term "mortal" might be used as a synonym for diseased or deceived, and mortal mind may thus be considered as the spirit mind acting under the bondage of delusion; but to use the term mortal mind as it is used in Christian Science, as though it were a distinct entity from the spirit mind, is to set up a false psychology from which all sorts of vagaries may be deduced. We must stand firmly to, and never yield, the truth that we are conscious of an undivided personality, and that that personality is *ours*, or we become victims of any metaphysical schemer who may draw the proverbial red herring across our path. Grave consequences follow from surrendering this pivotal position. We shall refer to this point later. Meanwhile let us say that if matter is only a false belief of mortal mind; if matter is that which mortal mind sees, feels, hears, tastes and smells only in belief, then our sense perceptions are engaged in a continual round of deception, and we are a bundle of living falsehoods which evermore repeat themselves. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," with the assurance in advance that all our dreams are untrue.

However far from the truth this statement may appear to us, it is curious to know that Christian Scientists take no exception to it. Indeed it is their deliberate teaching. But if it be true, we are bereft of responsibility; for if we are victims of delusion in our accustomed and necessary modes of thought, it were outrageous injustice to expect us to form a correct moral judgment in any exigency of life.

To this, also, I think Mrs. Eddy would give her cheerful consent, for she says that "there is a universal insanity which mistakes fable for fact throughout the entire round of the material senses, but this general craze cannot in a spiritual diagnosis shield the individual case from the special name of insanity. Those unfortunate people who are committed to insane asylums are only so many well-defined instances of the baneful effects of illusion on mortal minds and bodies."* Since we are all insane we cannot be responsible. This verdict throws light upon the Christian Science doctrine of sin. But I err in permitting for a moment the supposition that Christian Science has a doctrine of sin. There is no room for a dream of evil in Christian Science. "God is good and God is all." "Man is incapable of sin."** "Sin and mortality are native nothingness." And that is all that need be said about them.

Thus Christian Science demolishes the conception of human life which has been building for centuries, and denudes it of all moral dignity; for if man is incapable of sin, he is also incapable of virtue.

Let us turn now to the other chief difficulty in treating the subject of Christian Science, namely, its un-

* "Science and Health," p. 330.

** "Science and Health." p. 541.

willingness to accept and abide by the intuitive declarations of the ordinary human mind. The misuse of words, to which we have already referred, is the result of the falseness of thought, to which we shall now refer.

Mrs. Eddy says, "Flesh is an illusion." But we intuitively declare it to be a reality. The New Testament supports this view. "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: Every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God: and this is the spirit of the antichrist whereof ye have heard that it cometh; and now it is in the world. (1 John iv. 2, 3.) These verses were written to oppose a trend towards Gnosticism, which was already in the air in John's lifetime. Gnosticism was the Christian Scientism of the early Church. Gnostic and Scientist mean the same thing, as you know, one word being Greek and the other Latin. In many points the two isms are in theological affinity.

Christian Science says, "pain is an imagination," yet never had Christian Science healer imagination so dull as not to feel the sudden prick of a pin or the stab of a bayonet. Were it so, what a valuable addition to the troops of South Africa a corps of Christian Scientists would be; no hospital service would be needed. They could fight without rest or sleep, regardless of so-called wounds, and even death. Not only hospital, but also the commissariat department might be dispensed with if only the glorious doctrines of Christian Science had sufficient control of those who march forth in the name of the Queen. Mrs. Eddy affirms that "Gustatory pleasure is a sensuous illusion that diminishes as we understand our spiritual being and ascend the ladder of life." This woman learned that food neither strengthens nor weakens the body—that mind alone does this. "The truth is, food does not affect the life of man, . . . but it would be foolish to venture beyond our present understanding, foolish to stop eating until we gain more goodness, and a clearer comprehension of the living God."

One can hardly forbear asking questions at this point. Has the crying baby a false belief in pins and cholera infantum? Are sick brutes the victims of morbid imagination? Are persons who die of poison taken by mistake for wholesome food killed by their belief in its poisonous character, when they had no such belief? Is there no difference between heat and cold?

Now, strange to say, Mrs. Eddy is not at all disconcerted by such questions. She calmly responds that "heat and cold are the products of mortal mind, and that food neither strengthens nor weakens the body."

Is it not surprising how unanimous these delusions are in this changeable weather. Surprising how not a single mortal mind imagines it is blazing hot outdoors when the thermometer stands forty degrees below zero. If heat and cold are the products of mortal mind, it would certainly be a high privilege to live where the changes in the weather are decided upon by the majority opinion. If cold is the product of mortal mind, why cannot we come to some agreement to keep the temperature from going down too far when the price of coal is rising so high. And if heat is the product of mortal mind, how delightful to think we can have any climate we desire without the expense of travel!

But Mrs. Eddy is even more radical than this would imply. She says, "If a dose of poison is swallowed by mistake and the patient dies, even though the physician and patient are expecting favourable re-

sults, does belief, you ask, cause this death ? Even so, and as directly as if the poison had been intentionally taken. In such cases a few persons believe the potion swallowed by the patient to be harmless, but the vast majority of mankind, though they knew nothing of this particular case and this particular person, believe the arsenic, the strychnine, or whatever the drug used, to be poisonous, for it has been set down as poison by mortal mind. The consequence is that the result is controlled by the majority opinion and not by the infinitesimal minority of opinion in the sick chamber." This makes life terribly trying, for one is not simply subject to his own delusions, but is dominated even unto death by the delusions of others.

The logic of such teaching clearly is that matter has no qualities of itself—there is no such thing as sweet or bitter, wholesome or poisonous, round or square, except as mortal mind, by its false beliefs, sets down these qualities as belonging to it.

I think I have said enough to show that the claim of the Christian Scientist that his cures are effected simply by "thinking the truth" is not well grounded. His thinking is full of error. He errs in denying the existence of matter. He errs in making mortal mind some sort of a distinct entity from spirit mind in man, in denying the existence of sin, in denying the efficacy of the Atonement for the forgiveness of sin, in denying the personality of God and man, and in his assertion that flesh is an illusion and pain is an imagination. These conclusions seem more emphatically true when you consider the Christian Scientist's method of treating disease. Mrs. Eddy says, "the efficient remedy is to destroy the patient's unfortunate belief by both silently and audibly arguing the opposite facts,—representing man as healthful instead of diseased, and showing that it is impossible for matter to suffer, to feel pain or heat, to be thirsty or sick.*

"If your patient believes in taking cold, mentally convince him that matter cannot take cold, and that thought governs this liability." That is to say, that while your body or your mind is suffering, argue that it cannot suffer, and therefore that it does not suffer.

To do this you must, while admitting that a thing is, believe that it is not at one and the same time. You must give the lie direct to your consciousness and be demented enough to set about curing a disease which has no existence and therefore need not be cured. That is as near the curse which Paul declares shall be sent upon those who receive not the love of the truth, even the strong delusion that they should believe a lie, as anything I can conceive of.

"To be, or not to be," was the question which agitated Hamlet; "to be and not to be" at the same time, is the problem to which Christian Science thinks it has found an easy solution. But, alas ! it is simply an attempt, by rolling a ponderous theory along the roadway of thought, to press out of sight the indestructible facts of existence.

The following prayer for a dyspeptic taken verbatim from a textbook on mind cure issued by the President of the New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science, throws a flood of light upon the subject.

"Holy Reality ! we believe in Thee that Thou art everywhere present. We really believe it. Blessed Reality, we do not pretend to believe, believe that we believe, we believe. Believing that Thou art everywhere present, we believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom,—that Thou art the sole, only reality of that stomach. Heavenly, Holy Reality, we

* "Science and Health," p. 375.

will not try to be such hypocrites and infidels as every day of our lives to affirm our faith in Thee, and then immediately to tell how sick we are, forgetting that Thou art everything, and that Thou art not sick. Forgive us our sins in that we have this day talked about our backaches. That we have told our neighbours that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we have spent our valuable time, which should have been spent in Thy service, in worrying for fear that our stomach should grow worse, in that we have disobeyed Thy blessed law in thinking that some kind of medicine would help us. We know, Father and Mother of us all, that there is no such a thing as a really diseased stomach; that the disease is the Carnal, Mortal Mind given over to the World, the Flesh and the Devil; that the Mortal Mind is a twist, a distortion, a false attitude, the *Harmatia* of thought.

"Lord, help us to believe that all evil is utterly unreal, that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, atheism and denial of God to say 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee, that we have no dyspepsia, that we never had dyspepsia, and that we will never have dyspepsia; that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing. Amen."

You will see at once how hopeless is the task of convincing any person of the errors of Christian Science who has wandered so far away from the plain dictates of common sense, and is oblivious to the teachings of daily experience. One can only hope to hold those who are unwilling, wantonly, to submit themselves to delusion.

In order to do this, let me point out that Mrs. Eddy can lay no claim to be a trustworthy interpreter of Scripture. The greatest degree of courtesy will not permit one to speak of her comments upon the small portion of the Bible she attempts to elucidate as in any scientific sense an interpretation of it. They are a mass of mere dogmatism of a kind which could not be assumed in this age by any one not so puffed up as to insinuate that her teaching is the second coming of Christ. Her comments are of that speculative and allegorical sort which have been the curse of exegesis since the days of the Alexandrian School. Her method of explanation would hurl the sun of interpretation back under the midnight clouds of the Dark Ages. It has no regard whatever to literary or historical criticism. It does not draw the understanding to the truth by the thews and sinews of logic, but simply overwhelms mental weakness by the accumulated weight of iteration and reiteration of the same mystical and misleading platitudes until it caves in and swallows the falsities that are piled upon it.

Take an instance or two of her so-called interpretation: Gen. ii. 7 reads, "And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Commenting upon this passage, she mildly asks, "Is it true, or is it a lie concerning man and God? It must be the latter, for God presently curses the ground." That is a short and easy way of disposing of texts which contradict her peculiar teaching. It would be fatal to admit that God breathed into man the breath of life and man became a living soul—a distinct personality.

On page 381 of "Science and Health," Ed. 23, she disposes of the name "Adam" by dividing it into two syllables—A-dam, an obstruction. Apparently nothing that stands in the way of convenient exegesis is an obstruction to her.

Take another instance. Jesus said, "Lazarus is dead." Mrs. Eddy says sin and death are native nothingness. Therefore she comments as follows: "Jesus restored Lazarus by the understanding that he never died: not by an admission that his body had died and then lived again." If the facts do not fit into her theory, so much the worse for the facts: they will be distorted or

denied, that the theory may remain undisturbed.

Take a further instance of her mystical interpretation as found in her rendering of the Lord's Prayer:

"Our Father who art in heaven,
Our eternal Supreme Being, all harmonious.
Hallowed be Thy name.
Forever glorious.
Thy Kingdom come.
Ever present and Omnipotent.
Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.
Thy supremacy appears as matter disappears.
Give us this day our daily bread.
Thou givest to mortals the Bread of Life.
And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.
Thy truth destroyeth the claims of error.
And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil.
And led by Spirit, mortals are delivered from sickness, sin and death.
For thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.
For thou art Spirit, Life, Truth, Love, and man is Thy likeness forever. So be it."

A glance at this so-called interpretation will show that there is scarcely a sequence or semblance of thought when tested by the original.

So far we have dealt popularly and somewhat loosely with our subject. Now we must bring it to the more rigid test of comparatively exact philosophy, assured that if it cannot endure this it must ultimately break down in public estimation. In "Science and Health" there are many sayings which look in other directions than those we shall now intimate, but they do so inconsistently with the fundamental statements of Mrs. Eddy. It is by these fundamentals the truth and tendency of the system must be tested. Christian Science, so far as it approaches a system of philosophy, may perhaps most truly be spoken of as an idealistic Pantheism. It stands related to idealism by asserting that matter is simply the manifestation of mortal mind. It is Pantheistic in its assertion that "God is all" and that "All is God," that God is the only Life, Intelligence and Substance of the Universe of Man.

"God is mind, He is divine Principle, not Person."* Mrs. Eddy defines God as the Great I AM, and she defines the I AM as impersonal and Eternal Mind, Divine Principle, not Person.† She elsewhere says, "There is no finite soul or spirit, and nothing possesses reality or existence except Mind, God."

Here Pantheism is certainly taught. I cannot follow all the implications that are involved in such statements, but it is clear enough that they annihilate religion, for if God is all, and there are no finite spirits, who is to worship and obey Him? There is no one outside Himself to pay him homage.

Even morality is annihilated, for if I am only a mode of the divine being, my actions flow from the self-determination of the Deity, and whether they seem good or bad they are all equally necessary and equally divine.

I must go further and say that Mrs. Eddy's teaching, when clearly understood, blots all intelligence out of the universe. She posits consciousness of the divine principle she calls God, but denies personality to him. Personality implies conscious separate existence as an intelligent voluntary being.

Now, however difficult it may be to bridge in thought the gulf between finite and infinite personality, or to understand the nature of infinite personality, or the method of its self-consciousness, yet we will all agree, I trust, that personality is necessary to intelligence, so that when Christian Science denies the personality of God, as Mrs. Eddy clearly asserts,

* "Science and Health," 23rd ed., p. 377.
† Ibid., p. 538.

it renders all intelligence in the Divine principle impossible. The sequence of which is that there is no God—no mind in the universe, but only blind force. This is practical atheism.

In reply to her teaching regarding human personality, let me say that the primary testimony of our consciousness affirms the existence of a self, and not self related to and conditioning each other; and if I am to believe Mrs. Eddy when she teaches that the *non ego* is an illusion of mortal mind, I cannot retain faith (as she does not wish me to) in the *ego,* and as a consequence my very personality vanishes into thin air and I am *non est,* or, coming back to my former position, I would be a victim of universal scepticism only that there is no *I* to indulge in such an exercise. Christian Science, therefore, when carefully scrutinized, lands us in confusion. It is an elaborate system of self-deception which cannot be reasoned into truth, because it abrogates the laws of thought which mental sanity imposes upon all sound thinking.

These conclusions may seem very sweeping, but they are little more than a restatement of what Mrs. Eddy most confidently asserts, and it is difficult to see how they can fail to lead, in many instances at least, to the insanity which she predicates of humanity in general. *Yet Christian Science grows !*

The question may be pertinently asked, in fact it is a question which in all fairness demands an answer, "Why does it grow ?" How do you account for the multiplication of its adherents ?" I wish my first answer to this might be other than it is, but I am constrained to believe that it is due to lack of mental stamina. The inability to say "I am" with the force of positive conviction accounts for the facility with which many weakly persons yield themselves to its sophisms.

It is surprising how many persons in every community have no definite conception of their personal existence. A vivid and strong sense of personality is the key to the true and safe philosophical position.

If this be held strongly it will give such an attitude and temper to the mind that it will not consent to believe that it has no existence, that flesh is an illusion and pain an imagination; that man is incapable of sin, and that God is impersonal. No such phantasies can be imposed upon any person who has a sufficient sense of his own selfhood.

To be able to stand up and say: "I am, I think, I know," is an adequate safeguard against the philosophical fallacies and absurdities of Christian Science. I cannot stay to prove this, but I am convinced that the progress of Christian Science is largely due to lack of mental stamina and to self-ignorance, or to what one has termed the "drowning of personality." It is due also to the adoption of the moral teachings of Christianity. It teaches patience, purity, brotherliness, and hopefulness, and setting these in connection with a new theory of life, they impress people more than when uttered from an orthodox pulpit. The people mark with surprise that this sect, so much spoken against, teaches many of the same truths as its opponents, and hastily conclude that there must be little to condemn in Christian Science. The dogmatic spirit of Christian Science wins many of those who are more impressed with emphatic asseveration than with logical proof, and their name is legion.

But, after all, the principal cause of its rapid growth is the attraction of its cures. All other reasons for its increase sink into insignificance when compared with this. It is safe to say that not more than ten per cent. of its devotees became such by putting faith in the theories of Christian Science after scholarly and unbiased examination. At most

not more than that proportion examine the teaching, pronounce it true and therefore expect cures. Ninety per cent. have seen cures, and therefore declare the system of thought to be true.

Have they reached a right conclusion? I think not. If the teachings of Christian Science are demonstrably false, as we have already shown, we must look for some other cause than "thinking the truth" to account for the cures. If the cures can be accounted for reasonably in some other way, they lend no support to theories which are proven to be false on other grounds. Observe, I have been speaking of Christian Science as a system when I referred to it as false, and I have pointed out those elements in it which I deem particularly reprehensible. But it is not altogether false. Were it so it could not grasp and hold so many thousands of our race. It has a modicum of truth, which accounts for its success. And truth, as you know, has a marvellous buoyancy, by which a very small portion of it is enabled to float an immense cargo of error.

It is a well-known physiological fact that we have in the body two distinct nervous systems, presiding over two forms of life—the unconscious and the conscious. When the conscious life is put at rest by the use of chloroform, we neither walk, talk, hear, eat, drink, taste or smell. But the heart beats, and the processes of digestion and breathing are carried on. Beyond doubt these processes are impaired by the influence of fear and are stimulated and happily regulated by the influence of a deep faith.

The improved operation of these unconscious processes often produces cures of disease which seem to be miraculous. It does not seem to matter much what the object of faith is so long as the faith itself is sufficiently intense and strong. This accounts for many cures, whether the faith rests in a relic, a shrine, a superstitious formula of words, or in the healing power of Divine agency. The Christian Scientist simply uses his peculiar theory of belief as a leverage with which to raise the faith of the patient to the desired height.

He is unusually successful in doing this by reason of an ingenious and fortunate method—a method specially adapted and acutely applied to human gullibility. Of course the Christian Scientist denies that he needs faith, and he may be so obtuse as to be sincere in his denial. Yet a slight study of his method and of his belief shows that not only faith but even credulity is at his service despite his protest. And that this faith has immense therapeutic efficacy is a well-established medical and physiological fact. This principle, I believe, accounts for many of the cures that are witnessed under the supervision of Christian Science healers; cures, however, which have been duplicated in thousands of instances at Roman Catholic shrines, by hypnotism, and numerous other agencies.

Nevertheless it will at once strike you that it would be dangerous to trust Christian Science with the setting of a broken limb, providing you still believe you have such a member. And should one's arm be crushed, the arteries severed, and the wound filled with dirt, it would scarcely be safe or comfortable to trust to "thinking the truth" for a cure. Notwithstanding, two Christian Science healers made oath in a law court the other day that they would give only Christian Science treatment to a person who was bleeding to death. I am persuaded, however, that most healers of that sect would have sense enough to retreat from such a case, covering their retreat with the plea that they had not yet reached a perfect understanding of their own science. This

is Mrs. Eddy's explanation of any such limitations.

This excuse, however, gives ground for the charge that Christian Science breaks down when it is most needed, and in reality applies itself only in those cases where the operation of the curative cause may be but dimly seen, if seen at all. It hides its agency among the unconscious, physiological processes which are always stimulated by the condition of repose produced by faith, no matter what the stimulus of faith may be. Indeed, apart altogether from faith, the healing power of nature which resides in every well-nourished body, is of itself competent in the majority of instances to cure the diseases of humanity. All such apparent cures are set down by its devotees to the credit of Christian Science.

If its teaching were true, it should be able to make good its claims. It charges the Christian Church with departing from the teachings of Christ and with unwillingness or inability to obey them. It is the constant assumption of this sect that it is imitating the work of our Lord, and carrying out his injunction to the apostles to heal the sick. But a moment's reflection will show the baselessness of this claim. The credentials which Christ sent to John the Baptist were, "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up." In quoting this passage Mrs. Eddy omits the clause, "the dead are raised up," (p. 497, ed. 23), because she teaches (p. 531, ed. 23), that death is an illusion, for there is no death. The man with the withered hand had it *immediately* restored whole as the other. When Peter struck off the ear of the High Priest's servant, Jesus touched his ear and healed it.

When Tabitha lay dead Peter, after prayer, turning to the body said, "Tabitha arise," and he presented her alive. When Eutychus fell from the third story of the house he was taken up dead, and Paul restored him.

Blindness, leprosy, severed parts of the body,—have you known such cures to take place? Raising the dead!—is this effected by Christian Science? Neither in results nor in method does their work stand comparison with the work of Christ and his Apostles. These cures and resurrections were accomplished by a touch or a word, and did not require lengthened, brooding, metaphysical seances in which the mind seeks to undo itself and unthink all its assured knowledge.

Notwithstanding all that may be said, however, we should be grateful to Christian Science for compelling the thoughtful student of our time to investigate more closely the sympathetic connection between mind and body in the matter of disease. Investigation of the effects of suggestion in its various forms, when scientifically pursued, can lead to nothing but good. Medical practice has depended too exclusively upon material aids. Therapeutics as a science should set itself to find out and scientifically utilize for all it is worth the healing efficacy of mental suggestion. Knowledge grows by action and counteraction, our antagonist, our helper, and the race ascends by a spiral staircase to wider horizons. I think there is no room to doubt but that in the kind providence of God genuine science will be led to clear up much that is now mysterious in the relations between mental and physical states, and as astrology passed into astronomy so Eddyism and kindred isms, passing through the clear, white light of science, truly so called, shall be freed from the contamination and injury of morally unsafe beliefs and transmuted into unmixed blessing to the race.

What, then, are the dangers of

Christian Science? Not to speak of the loss of life due to implicitly trusting to it in cases where medical skill would save the patient (hundreds of instances of this sort have been reported, including such notable cases as the late Harold Frederick), and the very baneful influence upon the mind of the intellectual falseness which it inculcates, truly it must be morally dangerous to teach that man is incapable of sin. While men and women of well balanced moral nature may live high and noble lives in the atmosphere of hazy optimism generated by looking at the bright side of Christian Science teaching; it is impossible but that its creed, when interpreted in hours of temptation by devotees of very imperfect character shall yield to their morally jaundiced vision, a license to commit most heinous sins. If not, the lessons of history are vain and worthless, for their prototypes made the blame of sin wholly to attach to the perishing body, and gave themselves up unblushingly to the most shameful practices. I cannot do other than lift a voice of warning lest history should be found repeating itself.

REVIVAL SHOWERS.

"Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds and ive them showers of rain."—Zech. x. 1.

Earth's thirsty fields, O God,
Cry for the heavenly rain;
And every parched and withered sod
Calls at the door of Thine abode,
"Revive Thy work again!"

Our works, though manifold,
Drag like a prisoner's chain;
And sin abounds, and hearts grow cold:
O Arm! wake, as in days of old!
"Revive Thy work again!"

A thousand heathen lands
Call o'er the sounding main;
See Ethiopia's outstretched hands!
See Macedonia, crying, stands!
"Revive Thy work again!"

"Christians," with pagan heart,
Grow greedy, clutching gain:
Love, joy, and peace swiftly depart,
King Christ is sold in every mart:
"Revive Thy work again!"

Thy word brings to our ear
Sound of abundant rain:
Lord God, we thirst, and Thou art near:
Come, ere we die, even *now* and *here*,
"Revive Thy work again!"

—*D. K. Auchterlonie, in Around the World.*

WITH JESUS.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Them which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—1 Thess. iv. 14.

They shall return. This comfort blest
God giveth us, e'en while we weep
For our beloved, who fall asleep.

They sleep in Christ, and joyous wake,
Where face to face Himself they see,
With Him forevermore to be.

They are with Him: and thus we know
That we, on earth who yet remain,
Shall fold them to our hearts again;

For when, to gather all His own,
Their Lord and ours from heaven descends,
He will bring back our vanished friends;

Bring each and all in Him who sleep:
Of this we have His promise sure,
And with this hope we can endure;

With this glad hope, and solaced by
His love, in love who ordereth all,
We can endure, though tears must fall.

Toronto.

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BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

Is there anything of missionary interest before this century? Many fancy there is not, at least worth comparing with the labours of Carey, Morrison, Marshman, Martyn, Duff, Moffatt, Livingstone, Burns, Heber, Shaw, Hunt, Judson, Calvert, Pattison, McDougall, Taylor, Butler, Paton, and MacKay. We are apt to be so appreciative of the achievements of this missionary century as to think that missionary expansion, emerging from the dead orthodoxy which followed the Reformation, and following the great Wesleyan revival, and inspiring the Christian forces of Great Britain and the United States, represents about all the missionary conquests there are in history. Why, Christianity as the expanding leaven has been missionary from the start. It has been either that or nothing. So we open the pages of the oldest mission in India, not in the nineteenth century nor even in the ninth, not amid the heroism in the far East of St. Francis Xavier, and his Jesuit confreres, not even when Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, brought back from Eastern Asia intelligence as wonderful as if it came from the planet Mars. Back, back, back we must go to the year 499 for the earliest mission in India; and what is most wonderful, the mission then established, notwithstanding all its vicissitudes, retains its identity to this hour, that is, historically, though not ecclesiastically; for it has felt in turn the persuasive or coercive influence of all the great types of Christianity, east and west, Greek and Latin, Jacobite and Anglican, changing its form more or less through the centuries, but not annihilating it. It is now known as the Syrian Church of Southern India, or the Malabar coast, and numbers, at the close of fourteen centuries, according to different authorities, from 200,000 to 400,000 adherents. Malabar is a strip on the southwest coast of India, about one hundred and twenty miles long, and having a population now of three millions.

Another peculiarity of this mission is that it has been mostly heretical. We are correct in saying that in the fourth and fifth centuries the heretical sects were most active in missionary propagandism. Perhaps it is so in all history, from the Arians to the Methodists. We must consider the latter as included in this category, for following our Anglican progenitors we have parted company with mediaeval traditional orthodoxy. According to Wesley, a heretic is a man of seditious spirit in the Church. Custom, however, has attached the word schismatic to this conception, and the word heretic to one who disturbs the uniformity of authorized creeds. The term, therefore, is relative, and not absolute. A heretic may be scriptural or unscriptural in breaking the doctrinal unity of the Church. So the Anglicans and Methodists, and all Protestants, though generally scriptural, are historically heretical.

In the case of the missions of the fourth and fifth centuries, it was unscriptural heretics that were giving their lives for the conversion of the heathen, while the so-called Catholic Church had its

energies wasted in political partizanship in Constantinople; and even in Rome, with its superior spiritual life, missionary zeal was scarcely equal to that of the Arians. The greatest work was done in the far East by the Nestorians, who held the unscriptural tenet of a dual personality in Christ, human and divine, in opposition to the Catholic faith, which was propounded at the Third Ecumenical Council in Ephesus, A.D. 431. This heresy taught that in Christ there was one person, with two perfect natures. It was also held, in the far west, from Scandinavia to North Africa, by the Arians, who claimed that Christ was a unique, created being of divine endowments. So earnest were the Arians that they made vast conquests among the Goths and their barbaric tribes, who in the fifth century desolated Southern Europe, and so wise were they that they provided this people with a Gothic version of the Holy Scriptures, an ancient copy of which may be seen to-day in the University of Upsala, in Sweden. We must be careful, then, not to perpetuate the intolerant Latin prejudice against heretics, for while they have often been unscriptural they are not necessarily so, and they have often shown evidence of most active Christian life and sacrifice.

But back still further than the fifth century some would have us go, if we allow patristic tradition to guide us in searching for the foundation of Christianity in the distant East, and, lo, St. Thomas, the doubting disciple, appears as the reputed Apostle of India. Traditions in favour of this view, while by no means conclusive, seem strong and persistent, as well as interesting and curious. They represent that St. Thomas landed not long after Christ's ascension, at the island of Malankara, where he baptized many natives. He then proceeded to the Malabar coast, where he founded seven churches, for which he ordained priests. He then went to Mailapore, on the Coromandel coast, where he converted both king and people, afterwards extending his labours with equal success into China. On returning to Mailapore, he excited the opposition of the Brahmans, by whom he was murdered.

There are three places near Madras claiming to be the scene of his martyrdom. One is a cave with miraculous footprints of the apostle all ready to convince those who are even more sceptical than Thomas himself was. Another is at Mount St. Thomas, where, in 1547, by the Portuguese, the remains of a chapel were excavated, in which was found a slab having on it a Greek cross and certain Eastern inscriptions, which a Brahman interpreted as describing the early spread of Christianity and the martyrdom of St. Thomas. More *prima facie* evidence, however, is given in the third holy place, the church of St. Thome, now a Roman Catholic cathedral, for here we have a curious scrinium with a brass cruciform reliquary adorned with precious stones, and in it, it is said, are some of the very bones of St. Thomas and remains of the spear with which he was martyred. Of course this is conclusive.

But all these legends, the counterpart in the far East of the legends of Paul's visiting Britain at the same time in the far West, are seriously damaged by sober study of geographical terms, and the discovery by thorough scholarship in patristic studies that the term India there found is not necessarily Hindostan, that the word indeed has a variety of significations. It is quite credible and probable that Edessa, on the river

Belik, a branch of the Euphrates, was the scene of the Oriental labours of St. Thomas. This was the centre of the great Parthian kingdom, which was of vast extent, and for three hundred years formed an Eastern counterpoise to the Roman Empire, and extended its sway over India.

The earliest account of the missionary labours of St. Thomas is in the Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles, which is thought to have been written before the year 300, some say as early as 170, by a Syrian Gnostic in Edessa. It represents the apostles at Jerusalem portioning out the world for their work, and Thomas, like some of his modern ministerial brethren, being dissatisfied with his appointment, and asking, How could he, a Hebrew, go among the Indians? Even to the Saviour, who presided over the deliberations, he refused to go; but next day an Indian merchant, charged with building a palace for his royal master, saw Jesus in the slave market, who pointed out Thomas to him as his man, and he gave Jesus three pounds of silver to secure his services.

Next we have the apostle in the far East at a marriage feast in the palace, and of course miracles follow with convenient effectiveness, but Thomas, because of his ascetic teaching, interfering with the very marriage then being celebrated, had to leave to go further East. Miracles follow in abundance, including the appearance of Thomas as Christ himself. We find him thus in the court of Gendophares, which name, however, is historically associated with territory west of our present India. The end of all this miraculous career was martyrdom. The place so honoured is given in the Apocryphal Acts as Calamina, whose identification is a puzzle to historians, but it is generally admitted it is west of our modern India. Next we have the bones of St. Thomas working miracles, and accordingly they are brought back to the great Syrian ecclesiastical centre in Edessa.

We find the names of other missionaries associated in early tradition with India. Students of the question of a Hebrew original of Matthew will recall the connection here of the name of Pantaenus, the teacher of Clement of Alexandria, who died 217. Eusebius and Jerome in the following centuries both say that Pantaenus was sent to the East as far as India, and when there he found some who were acquainted with the Gospel of Matthew in Hebrew, which the Apostle Bartholomew had left them. This Hebrew Gospel was likely a version from the original Greek, and a corrupt one at that, if like some Hebrew versions we know of at that time, and was evidently meant for Hebrew people widely scattered throughout the East. It was prepared just as naturally then, though probably not as faithfully, as Delitzsch's Hebrew New Testament has been prepared in our own times for Jews. Of the visit of Bartholomew in India we have no further intimation, and no other tradition perpetuates his name or that of Pantaenus with India. However far eastward Bartholomew himself travelled is not clear, but what are represented as his bones travelled westward until at length they were brought to Rome in 983, where they are deposited in a porphyry monument under the high altar of the Church of St. Bartholomew on the Island of the Tiber!

What is meant by the word India in all these patristic references? It occurs again in the signatures of the 318 bishops who sat in the Council of Nice, 325, among whom we have "John, Bishop of Persia and Great India." It is reasonably con-

jectured that with a natural desire to magnify his office, this Bishop John of Persia, of whom history tells us nothing further, in view of the tradition of apostolic labours in India, included that "great" and far-off land in his jurisdiction without any more actual work in it than some modern bishops have in the remote parts of their large sees. The historian Rufinus mentions Frumentius in the fourth century as Bishop of India, when it turns out that his work was altogether in Abyssinia. There was also an Arabian India, with which the Roman Catholic historian, Alzog, associates the name of Bartholomew. Philostorgius, of the fourth century, in his History of the Church, uses the words India and Arabia Felix as synonymous terms, so we are compelled to abandon all thought of the founding of Christianity in Hindostan by an Apostle.

To get on certain historical ground we have to come on to the end of the fifth century, to the marvellous expansion of Nestorianism in the East. Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, was condemned by the Council of Ephesus, 431, for objecting, as well he might, to call Mary the Mother of God, and at the same time for teaching the unscriptural doctrine that in Christ there were two persons as well as two natures. The Nestorian heresy was effectually banished from the Roman Empire, but found refuge in Persia, the enemy of Rome, and there it was so cordially received as to be established by royal edict, which was followed by a fearful massacre of the orthodox, and the Patriarch of Babylon in 498 acquired vast ecclesiastical power in the East.

Says Neal in his History of the Eastern Church, "These Nestorians pitched their tents in the camps of the wandering Tartar; the Lama of Thibet trembled at their words; they stood in the rice-fields of the Punjab and taught the fishermen by the Sea of Aral; they struggled through the vast deserts of Mongolia; the memorable inscription of Singanfu attests their victories in China; and in India the Zamorin himself respected their spiritual and courted their temporal authority." A fac-simile copy of the lapidary inscription at Singanfu just referred to, of the eighth century, was presented a few years ago by Dr. Hart, our eminent Canadian Methodist missionary in China, to the library of McGill University. In the eleventh century the Nestorian Patriarch had twenty-five Metropolitans who ruled from China to the Tigris, and from Lake Bakal to Cape Comorin. This expansion continued until the desolating scourge of the Mongols in the thirteenth century almost annihilated this church organization in the far East. Within the last two years there has been, especially in Persia, a very large turning of the Nestorians to the orthodox Greek Church of Russia. They have seemed to encounter no difficulty in accepting the once hated phrase, "Mary, the Mother of God," and the other peculiarities of the orthodox Church which once they abhorred.

In all the Eastern territories covered by Nestorianism descent from the Apostle Thomas was jealously claimed. The Christians of Southern India who were under the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon were commonly called the Christians of St. Thomas. This feature of Nestorianism gave it more of the dignity of antiquity and imparted a quasi authority to the tradition of St. Thomas having been in India which has already been shown to be untenable.

The earliest reliable testimony we have of Christianity actually established in India is from Cosmos, a Nestorian and an Alexandrian merchant, who wrote in Greek an account of his Eastern travels

between 535 and 550. He tells of Christians in the Island of Ceylon and on the Malabar Coast who, he says, were under Presbyters appointed from Persia. The Greek cross found in 1547 by the Portuguese at the Mount of St. Thomas, instead of favouring the legend concerning St. Thomas's martyrdom there, shows by its Pallavi inscription, as explained by Dr. Burnell, that it belongs to the seventh or eighth century. This inscription reads as follows: "In punishment by the cross (was) the suffering of this One, He who is the true Christ and God above, and Guide ever pure."

Early in the ninth century Mohammedanism reached Malabar, without, however, coming into violent collision with the Nestorian Church there. Save as slightly affected by this new element, the career of this Church is unruffled in its rather lifeless uniformity until the appearance of the Latin Church in the fourteenth century, an interval of nine centuries which may be called the middle ages of its history.

The first Roman Catholic missionary to India was the French Dominican Friar, Jordanus, who began to labour there 1321. In a letter written by him in 1324 he tells of his protracted journeys and labours, and how he was favourably received by the Nestorian Christians in Southern India. A Bull of John XXII. follows in 1330, in which he exhorts the Christians in India to abjure their schism and to enter the unity of the Catholic Church. It was exhortation then, but the Inquisition came after, an institution which continued in the Portuguese territory of Goa until 1812. This terrible instrument of cruelty was set up by the Portuguese, and in 1599 its policy of subjugation seemed complete. The Inquisition at Goa had jurisdiction over all territory east of the Cape of Good Hope. It offered the richest emoluments to Inquisitors, for to them one-third of the property of all victims was confiscated, and records prove that covetousness rather than jealousy for the Church too often caused the cruel proceedings which were instituted on the slightest suspicion.

In 1599, the Synod of Diamper was held, at which there was an enforced submission to the Roman Catholic Church on the part of a large number of Nestorians. In the reconstruction of things by the Latins it was found that the Nestorians used a Syriac version of the Bible materially differing from the Vulgate, a version we now know as the Peshitto, in which it was discovered there were wanting the books of Esther, Tobit and Wisdom, besides 2nd Peter, 2nd and 3rd John, Jude and the Apocalypse, and some interpolations in John which our English version of 1880 correctly left out. Moreover, these people rejected the procession of the Spirit from the Son, and held to only three Sacraments, Baptism, the Eucharist and Ordination. The Eucharist was celebrated in both kinds, and the celebrant had not special vestments. They denied the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, and many of the clergy were married. They maintained that images are abominable idols, and they abhorred the worship of the Virgin and the invocation of saints. But, alas, notwithstanding so many Protestant peculiarities, there was lacking the moral force and martyr spirit of evangelical Protestantism, and after seven days session the Nestorians gave in, just as the Christians in Britain gave in to Rome at the Synod of Whitby, 664.

There was now a complete reversal of almost all distinctive peculiarities of the Syrian Church, and the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon was duly excommuni-

cated and anathematized. But the day of reckoning came, and the sturdy Protestant Dutch, so often the friends of the oppressed, in the first half of the seventeenth century spread their power and their commerce and their dread most widely throughout the East, and before them the Portuguese were driven like chaff. The Nestorians took advantage of this change, and in 1653 took an oath at the Coonan Cross that they were done with Portuguese Bishops, and would have no more of their missionaries. The specific occasion of this action was that a new Bishop, Theodore, sent out by the Patriarch of Babylon, was arrested at Mailapore and sent to the Inquisition at Goa. Three-fourths of the people threw off their allegiance to Rome, and later the Dutch ordered the expulsion of all Romish priests.

Now a new suitor appears, the sect of the Monophysites or Jacobites, heretics again like the Nestorians, but in the opposite direction. The latter claimed there were in Christ two persons as well as two natures, the former denied the scriptural doctrine of Christ's dual nature and held that the human nature was merged in the divine, an error condemned at the Ecumenical Council of Chalcedon, 451. It is to this communion the Armenians, so cruelly persecuted by the Turks, belong. In 1665, the Monophysite Gregory, styled Metropolitan of Jerusalem, arrived in Mailapore and instituted there a new Episcopal Succession. Then followed endless feuds between Jacobites and Nestorians, with varying fortunes, but with the ultimate victory of the Jacobites, who to-day maintain their ascendancy in Malabar. To this Monophysite Communion, called also Jacobites after Jacob Baradaens of the sixth century, one of their greatest representatives, most of the Christians in Egypt and Abyssinia belong, besides many adherents in Syria and Armenia.

In 1813 the Church of England appeared. The British Resident in Travancore, Col. Munro, a benevolent Western layman, not an Oriental Bishop, showed the purest Christian interest in these Syrian Churches by securing for them first a college and then a number of missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. The field was a thoroughly missionary one, for both Syrian priests and people were very ignorant, and had a medley of Latin, Nestorian and Jacobite elements in their worship and teachings, and very little of spiritual life. They continued to use their Syrian liturgy, and the Peshitto version of the Scriptures, but only in parrot fashion, and their moral tone was declining. Bailey, Baker and Fenn are the worthy names of the first Anglican missionaries. They founded schools and strove to raise the people from their low condition, but without interfering with them as to their episcopal descent. Bishop Middleton visited them in 1821, but stated that he found in them "no visible approximation to the Church of England." Twenty years saw the end of this eirenical and Christian work, and the final rupture between the Syrians and their disinterested friends in Britain. Bishop Heber, and afterwards, in 1835, Bishop Wilson, made further attempts at spiritual, moral and ecclesiastical improvements, but their efforts were not appreciated. In 1837, the Syrian Church formally resolved to have nothing further to do with the Anglican missionaries.

With so strange an evolution from the diverse elements making up the history of this people in India for 1,400 years, we naturally look for some confusion as to their

apostolic descent, and so the Episcopal Succession and all its temporal benefits became an occasion of much litigation. It was a very curious circumstance that rival Bishops should have to submit in 1886 their claims to descent from the Apostles, or at any rate to Episcopal authority, to a British court of three judges, one an Englishman and two Hindoos. The case altogether went through three courts, with, in all, six judges, of whom three were Hindoos and three Christians, one of these being a Roman Catholic. The Apostolic Succession has been badly mixed, very often, in Western Christendom—for example, between Rome and Avignon; but contending parties have never had the advantage of the judicial services of three educated, clever and impartial Hindoos to adjudicate upon which party was the legitimate successor of the Apostles.

At present about three-fourths of this strange community are Jacobites, and excepting a few Protestants, the remainder are Roman Catholics. Under the aegis of British rule they are protected from illegal interference, and can now pursue whatever course ecclesiastically they choose. Notwithstanding their low spiritual condition, they still reverently acknowledge the triune God; they jealously love their Peshitto Syriac Bible, a version 1,700 years old, and they are abundantly supplied with copies of it by the British and Foreign Bible Society. They maintain their churches, their sacraments and their Sabbath. Although encrusted with formalism, and liable with their environment to moral decline, they must still be respected as a part, a very ancient part, of the Catholic Church.

Nearly a century before Augustine was sent by Gregory the Great in 596 to convert our heathen ancestors in Britain, this Church was founded in the distant East on the Coast of Malabar, and it still survives. Its chronology in brief we have found to be as follows : It was founded not by the Apostles but by the Nestorians, 499. Roman Catholic missionaries appeared 1321. Submission to Rome, 1599; Revolt against Rome, 1653; Entrance of the Jacobites, 1665; of the Anglicans, 1813; Withdrawal of the Anglicans, 1837, leaving the "oldest mission in India," after 1,400 years of varied history, in the position above described, chiefly Jacobite or Monophysite, and partly Roman Catholic.

THE FRONTIER.

O soldier, treading through the long day's heat,
With tattered banner and with drooping crest,
Now as the sun sinks down thy purpled West;
Thou who hast come so far with aching feet,
Thou who must march and never canst retreat,
Art thou not weary of the bootless quest?
Look'st thou not forward to a time of rest?
Sweet will it be—beyond all telling sweet—
After long marches with red danger fraught!
The wakeful bivouac; the assault and flight—
After thy scars of glory; sore distraught;
To camp afar—beyond defeat and fight—
Wrapped in the blanket of a dreamless night,
Out past the pickets and the tents of thought!

—*Lloyd Mifflin.*

WHY WE ARE METHODISTS.*

BY THE REV. B. P. RAYMOND, LL.D.,

President of Wesleyan University, Middleton, Connecticut.

If the question, "Why are you a Methodist?" could be put to the members of the Methodist Church, and if each one were wise enough to answer the question, it is certain that a very large number would say: "Because I was born and reared in the Methodist Church." This is even more true of every other denomination. It is probable that Methodism, by her revival methods, has brought a larger proportion of her members from the ecclesiastically unclassified masses than any other Church. But the question has to do with those who, whether born in the Church or brought in from without, have reflected upon their church relation, and have reasons for the faith that is in them.

We may well remember that Christian people of the various denominations resemble each other much more than they did seventy-five years ago. Indeed, in experience, in creed, in aims, and in methods the points of likeness are far more numerous and important than the points of difference. It is a hopeful sign that in these last twenty-five years, the disposition to make more of those great fundamentals upon which there is practical agreement, and less of many things upon which we differ, has been increasingly apparent. Nevertheless, it is a good thing, both for ourselves and for others, that from time to time we give account of ourselves, that we may know what reason we have for being a Church at all.

The biologist studies the life of the present, not only as it presents itself to-day, but also in the light of its historical development, and thus makes more intelligible his present subject. We shall make the meaning of Methodism more clear if we ask: Whence came these Methodists? John Wesley's account of his experiences among the Moravians has often been told. He had been seeking the rest of faith for twenty-five years, but it was by the way of asceticism and good works. It was not until the thirty-fifth year of his age that he was led by the devout Moravians to apprehend the way of justification by faith, and to claim that blessing consciously for himself.

It was the influence of these devout Moravians which led him to begin anew the reading of the Greek Testament. His intercourse with them, from February 7, 1738, to May 24th of the same year, was very intimate. He lost no opportunity of conversing with Peter Bohler. He was convinced by him of unbelief, and of "want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." He says that on the 24th of May, while hearing a layman read "Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for

* The visit of Dr. Raymond, as a fraternal delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States to the General Conference of our own Church, will be remembered with great pleasure by all who had the opportunity of hearing his eloquent address. As Dr. Raymond is such a representative spokesman for the great Church which he so ably represents, we are glad to reproduce this admirable article from the volume entitled "Corner Stones of Faith," by the Rev. C. H. Small, M.A., (New York: E. B. Treat & Co., Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.) which gives an excellent account of the origin and characteristics of the Churches of the United States.—ED.

salvation, and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death."

He learned from the Moravians that we are saved by faith alone, that it may be exercised at once, that an instantaneous change follows, and that an assurance is given which is indubitable. At least they set him to a new study of the New Testament on these points. This teaching was made real, in his own experience, on the 24th of May, 1738, "at about a quarter before nine in the evening." This detailed account is given by himself.

Such an historic movement as Methodism has many causes. It is too complex to admit of an exhaustive explanation either by the experience or the life-work of any one man, except as that man is seen in the light of the age in which he lived. Nevertheless, he who would know this history will find that he can unlock its archives only with the master-key furnished by the experience which came to John Wesley on the 24th of May, 1738, "at about a quarter before nine in the evening." Mr. Wesley was often called upon to define as well as defend Methodism; and while he did not relish the name, he replied to this challenge in a remarkable paper entitled "The Character of a Methodist." He says:

"The distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or that scheme of religion, his embracing any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man, or of another, are all quite wide of the point. Whosoever, therefore, imagines that a Methodist is a man of such or such an opinion is grossly ignorant of the whole affair; he mistakes the truth totally. We believe, indeed, that 'all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God'; and herein we are distinguished from Jews, Turks and infidels. We believe the written Word of God to be the only and sufficient rule both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Roman Church. We believe Christ to be the eternal, supreme God; and herein we are distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions that do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think; so that, whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

"A Methodist is one who has the 'love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; one who 'loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and with all his strength.' God is the joy of his heart and the desire of his soul, which is constantly crying out, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee, my God and my all! Thou art the strength of my heart, and my portion forever!'"

This is the truth and the life upon which the Methodist puts emphasis.

In his theology the Methodist emphasizes those phases of Scripture teaching which are vitally connected with this divine life. These doctrines are repentance, faith, conversion, regeneration and sanctification. But the heart of this whole system is in the belief that a man may repent and believe now, may seek and find the hid treasure to-day; on the other hand, that the Holy Spirit works in the soul of the seeker such a certainty of his filial relation that the sinner, saved, cries out:

> "My God is reconciled,
> His pardoning voice I hear;
> He owns me for His child,
> I can no longer fear."

Our Arminianism is the necessary

postulate of these doctrines. It affirms a real freedom. It denies that motives work under the law of mechanism. In the language of Dr. Kedney, we would rather say that motives are "creations of the will's own; that motives are only the self-mediation, and not the producing cause of free volition." This real freedom makes it consistent to challenge every sinner who has been instructed in the Gospel to repent and surrender to Christ. Or, if not so instructed, he may be morally dealt with in the light of such truth as he has. This is the rejection of all theories of predestination that compromise God and make a theodicy impossible. God is not responsible for the sin of the sinner; the sinner is responsible for the determination of his own moral destiny.

Without attempting to satisfy the questions that arise at this point, the ten thousand Methodist preachers and the millions of lay workers have assumed that the moral consciousness demands these postulates; that the moral consciousness could not be explained without them; that the Scriptures lend themselves easily to this interpretation; and they have gone abroad to proclaim the great salvation, inviting and commanding men everywhere to repent, believe, and be saved.

The emphasis put upon the divine life, and the emphasis put upon those phases of Scripture teaching which are essential to the unrestrained proclamation of this life as a life for all, are the most distinctive characteristics of Methodism. All the early literature of Methodism revolves around this central truth. Wesley's sermons and correspondence are illustrative of this fact. It is easy to see that in all his teaching he is endeavouring to cultivate and defend this inner life. In the writings of Richard Watson, who gave systematic statement to these truths, of Fletcher, their great apologist, and of Charles Wesley, whose hymns carried them into the homes and hearts of the common people, the same central thought is evident.

Certain characteristic features of Methodism grew out of its early history. John Wesley was of necessity a bishop. His episcopal oversight of the societies which he and his evangelistic coadjutors established was blessed of God. Its success warranted a trial of it in the United States. That it is a perfect system no one claims. That it has succeeded no one denies. Methodists believe in the polity of Methodism because it has worked well. By virtue of it, no preacher is ever without a charge, and no church is ever without a preacher. There is probably as little, perhaps less, friction in the adjustment of ministerial appointments as in the appointment of the same number of preachers in any other system. The class-meeting and the revival were directly in the line of culture most consistent with this conception of the Christian life. The class emphasized the idea of a living Christian experience, and the revival kept the idea to the front that that experience is possible now and possible to all.

The doctrine of the responsibility of every individual, without regard to rank, race, or sex, for a Christian life, and of grace for every one, had a direct bearing upon the question of woman's place in the church. Moral responsibility and opportunity cannot be divorced. If God has put responsibility upon any human being, no man may put obstacles in the way of him or her who must meet that responsibility. In any case Methodism has made a very large place for woman in its work, and, as a preparation for that work, has consistently sought to give her the best opportunity for

the higher education. Had the enlarged freedom granted to woman as a class-leader, as a superintendent of Sunday-schools, as a participant in public prayer and in the social meetings of the church, and as an evangelist, and as a worker in the various reforms, been denied her, who can estimate the loss Methodism would have suffered?

It may be asked, "Do we differ as much as the papers written by the several representatives of the denominations would seem to indicate?" It is to be hoped that the lines which separate us are not so easily traceable as they were fifty years ago. The walls of separation are being thrown down. A preacher goes very easily, without change of doctrine, from the Methodist pulpit to the pulpits of either of several of the other denominations. And so far as methods are concerned, many a Methodist could work with and enjoy fellowship with either of these denominations. We differ not so much in that we hold as true what other evangelical denominations hold as false, but we differ in what we emphasize. The stress is differently placed; the balance is differently made up.

Methodists are Methodist because they find themselves in sympathy with the emphasis put upon Christian experience, moral responsibility, and the theological postulates which this emphasis implies; in sympathy with the larger opportunity for women; in sympathy with the means made use of for the cultivation of Christian life, with the evangelical earnestness of the pulpit, and with the polity in general under which the Church is organized and thrives.

AT JESUS' FEET.

Lord Jesus, life is hard, as Thou dost know,
And hours of peace and rest are very rare;
But it is sweet, after the toil and woe,
To nestle close to Thee with thoughts of prayer.
If Thou wilt lay Thy hand upon my head,
I shall arise refreshed and comforted.

Dear Master, I am sitting at Thy feet;
I would not miss a look or lose a word;
The hour is very holy when we meet;
I fain would see and hear none but the Lord;
I long to lay aside joy, grief, and fear,
And only know and feel that Thou art near.

The world's discordant noises evermore
Clang round about my ears and weary me.
There were rough hands, ungentle hearts before
That troubled me, but now I come to Thee.
O Jesus, quiet me with tender speech,
While up to Thee my wistful arms I reach.

In life's bewildering strife and eager rush
I lose so much of Thy sweet gentleness;
But in the peace and solace of this hush
Strengthen and soothe me with Thy blessedness;
Give to me what Thou wilt; here at Thy side,
Whate'er it be, I shall be satisfied.

—*The Christian World.*

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.*

BY W. F. OSBORNE, B.A.,

Professor of English and French, Wesley College, Winnipeg, Man.

This article on one of the most enlightened statesmen of the century will concern itself with the part played by its subject in the greatest among contemporary questions.

The first of these to be raised, though not the first to be settled, was Parliamentary Reform. Under this banner Lord Russell fought throughout his whole career. In 1854 he took advantage of the interval that followed the ultimatum of England and France that Russia withdraw from the Turkish provinces to introduce a bill that would have brought reform in the representation fairly up to date. Again, in 1860, he brought in a less drastic measure, which he was forced to withdraw owing to the indifference of Palmerston and the apathy of both House and country. Finally, he went out of office for the last time in 1866 on this very issue.

Lord Russell entered the House of Commons for the borough of Tavistock, in the year 1813. At that time the Napoleonic and American wars were still in progress, the attention of Parliament was being given almost solely to foreign affairs, British tax-payers were grumbling, and representative government was a farce. It was actually claimed that one hundred and fifty people were sending more than twice their own number to the House of Commons. Lord Russell, the future champion of the rights of the people, himself held his first seat not by the choice of free electors but by his father's will. The situation, in fact, was crucial at the time of his advent in the world of politics.*

If it excite surprise that gross anomalies should so long persist among a people that originated re-

* Lord John Russell had the honour of being descended from a noble line of British statesmen, the greatest of whom was beheaded on the scaffold, a martyr to liberty. The Marquis of Lorne, who was Governor-General of Canada, had the still greater honour of being the descendant of two noble Earls of Argyll, who were beheaded for their fidelity to conscience and to the Protestant faith. So far from considering the ignominious death of his illustrious ancestor by the headsman's axe a stain upon his lineage, Lord John Russell gloried in it as the highest honour of his line, and vindicated the memory of the great earl in an elaborate record of his life. Not long after the Revolution of 1688, the Act of Attainder, by which Earl William Russell had been foully done to death, was reversed by the House of Lords. Macaulay thus refers to his moral heroism :

"The manly firmness and Christian meekness with which he had met death, the desolation of his noble house, the misery of the bereaved father, the blighted prospects of the orphan children, above all, the union of womanly tenderness and angelic patience in her who had been dearest to the brave sufferer, who had sate, with the pen in her hand, by his side at the bar, who had cheered the gloom of his cell, and who, on his last day, had shared with him the memorials of the Great Sacrifice, had softened the hearts of many who were little in the habit of pitying an opponent."

* "What do you think," asks a recent writer, "of Old Sarum sending a member to Parliament, when there isn't any Old Sarum? There used to be, in the days of King Edward the First, but there is now no more left of it than there is of the Tower of Babel. What do you think of the member for Ludgershall being not only the member, but the whole constituency of Ludgershall? What do you think of Gatton having just seven voters, and sending two members to Parliament? What do you think of Leeds! Manchester! Birmingham! Sheffield! being without any representation!"

presentive government, that surprise should at least be tempered. In the first place, the atrocious events which accompanied the French Revolution frightened Englishmen, and had much to do with postponing reform across the Channel until a date subsequent to 1830. In the second place, the beneficiaries of the old system held the reins of power. The immense advantage a party in power has in our own day as against an opposition is but a faint analogue to the odds that had to be overcome in the case before us.

Lord John Russell's first speech in Parliament on this question, in whose initial settlement he was to have so distinguished a share, and with which he was so closely connected from this time forward, was made in the summer of 1819. He spoke at this time in deprecation of a radical motion for reform involving at least four of the demands of the People's Charter of nineteen years later. His first actual motion on the question—submitted in January, 1820—advised the disfranchisement of some of the most corrupt boroughs. The measure, in a mutilated form, passed in 1821.

It may be of interest to note in passing that soon after the delivery of the speech referred to, the Duke of Bedford outlined with considerable accuracy his son's future career by advising him to restrict himself to the field "of foreign politics, and all home politics bearing on civil and religious liberty."

From 1820 to the great year of reform, 1832, there are two notable aspects in our history: the pertinacity with which Lord Russell returned again and again to the attack, and the growth of Parliamentary sentiment in favour of his demands, at least so far as the disfranchisement of corrupt constituencies and the punishment of bribery are concerned. In 1826 he got the support of the Speaker's vote on a tie.

Meanwhile, the agitation for religious equality began to run synchronously with that for reform in the representation. In February, 1828, Lord Russell gave notice of motion to repeal the Test and Corporation Acts. These Acts had excluded from office and virtually made objects of suspicion the most conscientious among a section of the Nonconformist population, that twice at least had plainly proven its loyalty to the State, and that at times when the men who profited by their exclusion were themselves not beyond reproach. The sequel is known. On May 9 of the same year the Acts were rescinded.

This hot shot at prejudice was soon followed by a second. Catholic Emancipation became an accomplished fact in April, 1829. Peel, to be sure, and not Russell, was immediately responsible,—a circumstance, however, that did not in the least lessen its significance, since the bill was carried by the aid of the Whigs.

The declaration by the Duke of Wellington in October, 1830, that he would oppose a-outrance any movement for reform, was the most egregious blunder ever committed by a man who was as unsuccessful in politics as he had been successful in war. It threw the direction of affairs into the hands of Earl Grey, who refused to take office unless Parliamentary Reform were made a ministerial measure.

The three names most prominently connected with the Reform Bill of 1832 are those of Earl Gray, Lord Durham, afterwards one of the greatest of the Governor-Generals of Canada, and Lord John Russell. The step was so fundamental, so essential to the national safety and progress, that the honours may easily be divided,

and yet a substantial share be left to each. The first—subject it will be remembered, at the hands of Macaulay, of one of the stateliest tributes ever given or received by mortal man—became Prime Minister in 1830; the second, besides being his son-in-law, was his ablest assistant in the House of Lords; the third introduced the measure in the Lower House. Lords Durham and Russell, associated with two others, drew up the bill and submitted it to their chief. It is worth noting that Lord Russell made the first sketch of the measure.

The scene in the House of Commons when Lord Russell made his introductory speech was almost without precedent. The enormity of the evils as seen from one standpoint was equalled by the enormity of the proposals as seen from the other. An unsurpassed bitterness was infused into the Opposition by the knowledge that if the bill carried, the whole constitution and temper of the House would be changed. The suggestion involved the placing of over one hundred seats at the disposal of new constituencies.

Here, too, the event is familiar. We may pass over the election of the summer of 1831; the rejection by the Upper House of the second Reform Bill, which differed in no essential from the first; the exhibitions of popular discontent that greeted this rejection;* the abortive attempt of the Duke of Wellington to form a Ministry when Earl Grey had resigned in consequence of an effort on the part of the Peers to mutilate the third bill. The essential thing is that this third bill, intact, received the royal assent on the 7th of June, 1832.

Lord John was in opposition from 1841 to 1846, after the defeat of Melbourne, and during the Ministry of Sir Robert Peel. It may be questioned whether under any of the Whig administrations, not excluding the two of which he was himself the head, he ever displayed more patriotic statesmanship than during these five years. He definitively showed himself to be above partisan considerations by the way he held up the hands of his great opponent, from the first in the matter of the Maynooth Grant, and ultimately in the repeal of the Corn Laws. His action in the former case was all the more notable in view of the fact that Peel would have been beaten in the House had it not been for his support.

The second of these questions, in 1845, took a dramatic turn. Peel had come into power four years before as the champion of Protection; but—an Emersonian in point of political consistency—he was preparing to bend to the will of the people—and, it may be added, to Lord John and Providence; for Providence certainly came to the aid of the English masses in the bad crops of 1845. It became necessary, for safety, to relieve an acute temporary distress; and in doing this a great and permanent advance was made. While Peel was hesitating—owing to the opposition of his party—Lord Rus-

* The rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords in 1831, after it had passed its third reading in the House of Commons, caused a prodigious sensation. A recent writer thus epitomizes the facts, which may be found in detail in Canon Molesworth's and other histories of the period.

"Tumultuous meetings were held in every town and village as the news reached them; houses were draped in black, shops were closed, and the bells of the churches tolled backwards. In London the populace was quite uncontrollable. Vast crowds filled the streets, cheering the reform leaders, and denouncing with furious execrations the members of either House who had opposed the bill. Nottingham Castle, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, was burnt to the ground; and Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, was barely saved. Bristol saw a series of riots, and during them suffered greatly from fire, and the Bishop's palace was reduced to ashes.

"Everywhere the popular fury settled

sell, in November, 1845, issued his famous Edinburgh Letter, calling flatly for the abolition of the Corn Laws. This induced a panic, that would have given Russell the reins of power, had he been able to reconcile the conflicting views of his colleagues. Not being able to do this, Sir Robert Peel resumed the control of affairs. In 1846, as is well known, Protection in England received its blow of grace, and the cause of Cobden and Bright triumphed at Westminster as it had already triumphed throughout the country.

Of the two liberal measures last dealt with—the Maynooth Act and the Repeal of the Corn Laws—Lord Russell aided Peel in the one, and first spurred and then supported him in the other.

Sir Robert Peel was driven from Office by his Irish Coercion Bill, in which vote the Protectionist wing of his own party played him false. Lord John Russell succeeded him as Prime Minister in July, 1846.

The potato blight and the inadequacy of the oat crop made Ireland an especial menace in the winter of 1847-48. The growth of crime and outrage at length made necessary a resort to force,—a resort to which the Prime Minister was brought only at long last and reluctantly, but in which he was backed by both Peel and the people. The absence from the new bill of the most objectionable features of the one on which Peel had been defeated, frees Russell from the charge of meeting the crisis by the very measures that had enabled him to put his opponent out of power. It may not be amiss to remark that John Bright, contrary to the expressed wish of his constituents, supported the Government in its resort to strong measures.

The rapid succession of famine and of a widely diffused revolutionary spirit made the Irish relation particularly trying to both Peel and Russell.

Three of the most dramatic, if not most important, occurrences of the Russell Government were the Chartist agitation of 1848, the Durham Letter of 1850, and the dismissal of Lord Palmerston in 1851.

The case of the middle classes had been met by the Reform Bill, but the workingmen looked on themselves as left in the cold. In 1838 they began to organize under the aegis of the People's Charter, most of whose demands bore palpable evidences of their origin. The way the demonstration of April 10, 1848, ended showed that Lord Russell, who regarded the whole episode with considerable phlegm, had gauged the situation much more accurately than some of his colleagues.

The Durham Letter was an affair of first-class interest. This was a letter written by Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, to the Bishop of Durham. Its occasion was the attempt of Dr. Wiseman, recently created a Roman Cardinal, first Archbishop of Westminster, and Primate of the English Roman

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with special bitterness and hatred upon the Bishops. A cry arose, from one end of England to the other for their expulsion from the Upper Chamber; and proposals even for the abolition of the House of Lords were constant and very popular. It is hard to realize at this day, and with our knowledge of the disease, the frantic and abject despair which seized all classes. The churches were kept open, supplications ascended night and day from the altars; and on the sixth of November, at one hour, from every place of worship in England, hundreds of thousands knelt to utter aloud a form of prayer which was constantly broken by sobs of anguish. The Birmingham Political Union declared that if there was any further delay after Easter, two hundred thousand men would go forth from their shops and forges, and encamp in the London squares, till they knew the reason why the Reform Bill was not passed."

Catholics, to parcel out the kingdom in Roman Catholic sees in a document couched in the grandiloquent style which had been employed by the bishops of Rome in the high days of their power during the Middle Ages. This famous letter ran thus :

"My dear Lord,—I agree with you in considering the late aggression of the Pope upon our Protestantism as insolent and insidious, and I therefore feel as indignant as you can on the subject. I not only promoted to the utmost of my power the claims of Roman Catholics to all Civil Rights, but I thought it right, and even desirable, that the ecclesiastical system of the Roman Catholics should be the means of giving instruction to the numerous Irish immigrants in London and elsewhere, who, without such help, would have been left in heathen ignorance. . .

"It is impossible to confound the recent measures of the Pope with the division of Scotland into dioceses by the Episcopal Church, or the arrangement of districts in England by the Wesleyan Conference. There is an assumption of power in all the documents which have come from Rome, a pretension to supremacy over the realm of England, and a claim to sole and undivided sway, which is inconsistent with the Queen's supremacy, with the rights of our bishops and clergy, and with the spiritual independence of the nation as asserted even in Roman Catholic times. . . .

"The liberty of Protestantism has been enjoyed too long in England to allow of any successful attempt to impose a foreign yoke on our minds and consciences. No foreign prince or potentate will be permitted to fasten his fetters upon a nation which has so long and so nobly vindicated its right to freedom of opinion, civil, political, and religious.

"There is a danger, however, which alarms me much more than the aggression of a foreign sovereign. Clergymen of our own Church, who have subscribed the Thirty-Nine Articles and acknowledged in explicit terms the Queen's supremacy, have been the most forward in leading their flocks step by step to the verge of the precipice. The honour paid to saints, the claim of infallibility for the Church, the superstitious use of the sign of the cross, the mutterings of the liturgy so as to disguise the language in which it was written, the recommendation of auricular confession, and the administration of penance and absolution,—all these things are pointed out by clergymen as worthy of adoption, and are now openly reprehended by the Bishop of London in his charge to the clergy of his diocese. What, then, is the danger to be apprehended from a foreign prince, of no great power, compared to the danger within the gates from the unworthy sons of the Church of England herself?

"I have but little hope that the propounders and framers of these innovations will desist from their insidious course; but I rely with confidence on the people of England; and I will not bate a jot of heart or life so long as the glorious principles and the immortal martyrs of the Reformation shall be held in reverence by the great mass of a nation which looks with contempt on the mummeries of superstition, and with scorn at the laborious endeavours which are now making to confine the intellect and enslave the soul.—I remain, with great respect, etc.,

"J. Russell.

"Downing Street, Nov. 4."

The letter made a tremendous sensation. Even Jews took part in the meetings which were held to defend "our common Protestantism." It appeared on November 4th, and on the 5th, Guy Fawkes Day, the Pope and the Cardinal were burned in effigy instead of Guy Fawkes.

Lord John Russell was pictured by Punch as a naughty little boy who chalked on the wall, "No Popery," and then ran away. Lord John never ran away. He always stuck to his colours to the very end. Alike when he persisted in the teeth of High Church opposition in his appointment of Dr. Hampden to the vacant see of Hereford, in 1847, and in 1850 when he repudiated papal pretension as exhibited in the appointment of Dr. Wiseman as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, he showed himself possessed of a spirit that many think might well be liberally infused into current English politics. The man who had shown himself the friend of Dissent by the repeal of the

Test and Corporation Acts in 1828, who had proved his enlightenment by assisting a rival to pass the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829, who from 1847 on to the crowning of their cause in 1858 stood out as the champion of the Jews, in 1850 promptly resented the Bull of Pius IX., and at the same time lashed the party of Keble and Pusey.

At no moment in the half-century since they were penned have the words of his Durham Letter been of more absorbing interest than they are to-day. Indeed, although thirty-three years have passed since he ceased to influence events as a responsible statesman, this manifesto is only one thing among many that make the career of Lord Russell specially interesting to men of our time. His views on arbitration, his concern for the safety of the Christian subjects of the Porte, his proposal of local representative assemblies for Ireland and Scotland, as well as his unceasing hostility to Ritualism in the Church of England, identify him closely with problems that still occupy the attention of English statesmen.

As for the dismissal of Lord Palmerston, it is enough to say that it was the inevitable result of a course of high-handed conduct on the part of the Foreign Minister, a course that came to a climax when he went directly counter to the wishes of both Queen and Cabinet in regard to the policy to be observed toward France after the "coup d'etat" of 1851. Lord John assumed full responsibility for his colleague's dismissal.

Lord Russell resigned in February, 1852, on the favourable reception by the House of Palmerston's retaliatory amendment to his Militia Bill.

The Crimean war occurred during the administration of the Earl of Aberdeen. Lord Russell's almost immediate retirement from the Foreign Office made it impossible for him to direct the foreign, or any other, policy of England during that critical period. It seems fairly clear that Czar Nicholas overestimated the significance of the Protocol signed in 1844 by Lord Aberdeen in conjunction with Peel and Wellington —it was a statement of supposed fact, scarcely a pledge of policy— and was misled by the failure of Aberdeen as Premier to let him know definitely what position England would take if Turkey were attacked. Since his constant entreaties up to the time of his resignation—he was now Leader of the Lower House—did not succeed in infusing vigour or even good business methods into the management of the campaign, the only point of interest for us is that Lord Russell, had he been at the head of affairs, would have promptly conveyed the information to the Czar, and might thus have prevented the war.

Lord Russell was Foreign Minister in Palmerston's Cabinet from 1859 to 1865, that is to say, while the war was waging between the North and the South in the United States, and while Cavour and Garibaldi were consummating the union of Italy under Victor Emmanuel. In the one case Russell was the firm friend of liberty, in the other the staunch conservator of British dignity.

The failure of Lord Russell's Reform Bill of 1866, which was introduced in the Lower House by Mr. Gladstone, makes it unnecessary to refer at length to the second Premiership.

If asked to name the quality that stands out most prominently in a survey of Earl Russell's whole career as a statesman, I should say—disinterestedness. His sup-

port of Peel in 1829 on the Emancipation Bill, in 1846 on the repeal of the Corn Laws, the withdrawal in 1854 of his resignation from the Aberdeen Cabinet, and his support of Earl Derby in 1858, in transferring the government of India from Company to Crown, are but distinguished instances of his subjection of personal interest and party expediency to principle and the public weal. His memory in this regard must remain one of the noblest traditions of British politics.*

* In addition to being an active politician, Lord John Russell was also a voluminous writer. He wrote a History of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht, in four volumes; Life and Times of Fox, in three volumes; Memoirs of Thomas Moore, in eight volumes; Correspondence of the Fourth Duke of Bedford, in three volumes; History of the Christian Religion in the West of Europe; Establishment of the Turks in Europe; Causes of the French Revolution, and many other volumes.

REST SOUGHT.*

BY FATHER RYAN.

My feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed,
And I desire—what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil, when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways:
'Tis hard to sow, and never gather grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring, and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled, to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed:
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—sweet rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
And cares infest
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
I pine for rest.

'Tis always so; when but a child I laid
On mother's breast
My wearied little head—e'en then I prayed,
As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 'twill soon be o'er;
For, down the west,
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
Where I shall rest.

REST FOUND.

BY BROTHER HELM.

I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto Me,
Thou soul oppressed."
Heart-sore I came, and I found in Thee
Rest—perfect rest.

I sowed in tears which fell like autumn rain;
"'Tis hard," I cried.
But now in joy I reap and garner grain
On every side.

This burden sore I now no longer bear—
In Christ I rest;
For I have prayed, and He has heard my prayer
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis sweet to plant in spring and ever reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis sweet to till, and joyous watch to keep
O'er ripening field.

Yes, so I sighed a weak and human sigh,
At times oppressed;
But now I raise my song to God on high,
For rest—calm rest.

My way now winds across the sunlit years,
Nor cares infest
My path; for God has wiped away my tears,
And gives me rest.

'Tis always so; for, like a child, I've laid
On Jesus' breast
My wearied head; he heard me when I prayed,
And gave me rest.

And I am restful still—I mourn no more;
For down the west
Life's sun is setting, gold-orbed, on the shore
Of heavenly rest.

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

—*Christian Observer.*

* Read verses across the page.

YOUR LITTLE BROTHER JAMES.*

BY CAROLINE H. PEMBERTON.

CHAPTER III.

You cannot buy a railroad ticket for North Elk village, nor can those iron rails that now represent civilization bring you within fourteen miles of that little spot which hardly seems worthy of representation on Rand & McNally's county and railroad map.

But the forty-seven householders of North Elk are not conscious of their isolation, nor do they submit willingly to a detachment from human interests. The Stony Creek stage brings the mail every day, including eleven city newspapers for the leading citizens of the town. The lesser lights are content to borrow the news, or to wait, as do most of the female inhabitants, until the weekly county paper sums up in a single column the events of the outside world for the past week.

The village lies in a hollow, so that roads leading out of it rise abruptly and climb slowly and very circuitously the dark wooded heights of the surrounding hills.

Inquiry at the village store for one Joshua Hillis would cause considerable discussion as to the best way to reach the Hillis farm. It is five miles distant, and an attempt to follow either the store-keeper or his customers' intricate directions results always in utter bewilderment and the despairing determination to inquire afresh of every passer-by—"the way to Joshua Hillis," which plan, if pursued with the zeal of an African explorer, will reward the traveller with a belated success.

Joshua Hillis' house stands on the summit of a high hill, over which the road makes its way with difficulty. The house is white, with green shutters, with a short, grassy terrace in front, reached by stone steps from the road. On either side are handsome sugar maples, tossing yellow and red leaves to the ground with every breath of wind. There is a porch in front, and a bay window is at the side, the latter crowded with geraniums and other plants, and bordered with a modest curtain of white muslin. It is a cheerful-looking mansion, and excessively neat. The woodpile to the left is symmetrical as human hands can make it. The red barn is in good repair. Across the road, as far as the eye can reach, stretch acres of pasture-lands varied by strips of cornfield and patches of buckwheat—green, gold and red—and beyond this lies a strip of woodland, all that is left of the "black growth," which once covered the valleys and hills when Joshua's forefathers broke the ground for the building of a rude log cabin, and swung the axe which laid at their feet the first hemlock that had ever fallen in those parts by the hand of man.

The Hillis farm came into Joshua's hands when he was thirty-five years old, just six years after his marriage. Life had then become more pleasant to the inhabitants of the highlands; the oxen were exchanged for a pair of horses; the axe gave way to the plough; the spinning-wheel to the sewing-machine, and the log cabin to the comfortable homestead, and later to the white cottage which is now the characteristic dwelling of that part of the Appalachian range, that loses its peaks in the high, rolling tableland.

Joshua improved his farm with the rest, and built the white house on the hill soon after the birth of his first and only child. Everything prospered under his hands; the land grew valuable with constant care, the cattle flourished, the sheep grew strong on the hills; but the little boy, who was more valuable than all of these, and whose hands had never known harder work than the tossing of a ball or the flying of a kite, died suddenly of diphtheria, and was laid away at the foot of the hill, beside those toilers of the past who had cleared the wilderness and broken the paths for his benefit. The sunlight seemed less bright on those hills, the sky less beautiful since that day.

The husband and wife toiled on, and adorned their home with many comforts. They were counted prosperous by their neighbours, and were prominent members of the North Elk church, and were always to be seen at country "sociables" and village gatherings—Emeline in her crisp black silk, and Joshua as neat and comely as wifely hands could make him.

Joshua had reached his forty-third year, and Emeline was past thirty-

seven years of age. They were sitting one evening beside the hanging lamp which illuminated the little sitting-room so brightly. Joshua had returned from the North Elk post-office, where he received his mail, and husband and wife were deeply absorbed in the contents of a letter bearing the postmark of the distant city. It proved to be a printed document in the form of a series of questions with space for written answers.

Emeline had heard much of a society which sent children into the country to board, and had obtained the address from a cousin who was boarding a city waif in an adjoining county. Emeline had written to the society timidly applying for a child, and this was the reply. It gave no information whatever, but asked a great deal of Emeline. Some of the questions were very pertinent, not to say impertinent.

"They want to know if we own our farm," she exclaimed, looking up, pen in hand.

"Well, we do, all except that mortgage," answered the matter-of-fact Joshua. "I'm not ashamed, are you?"

"Shall we say how much the mortgage is?"

"Two hundred. Let's tell the whole truth, Emmy, and save our neighbours the trouble."

Emeline wrote it down.

"How much live stock do we own? Well, I declare"—Joshua began to count.

"Eight head of cows, two heifers, four calves, twenty-two sheep, two horses and one colt."

"A dog and six cats, and a canary bird," added Emeline.

"Put them all in, Emmy. What next?"

To what newspapers and periodicals do you subscribe? "Do you think it's any of their concern what newspapers we take?"

"Well, now, I presume there's folks living in the backwoods, Emmy, that never sees a newspaper once in six months, and don't know who's President, maybe. I presume the society is thinking of such like, and these questions is kind of leaders, so they'll know where to place us."

"I presume that's so," returned Emeline, cheerfully, for she had a beautiful wifely trait of suggesting a doubt for the sole purpose of yielding it gracefully to her husband's superior logic, and this readiness to be convinced on all occasions caused Joshua to describe her as the "wisest little woman in the world."

"Now here come references. They must be neighbours, it says."

"Well, there's Zebulon Post, Joshua Camp, Dr. Woodbury, and, well, I guess, Josiah Slocum."

"Why, Joshua, you know he's no friend of ours since he stoned our turkey gobbler last spring for scratching up his radishes, and you gave him a piece of your mind."

"I didn't know as it said anything about friends, Emmy; I thought we was to give in the names of our neighbours. I presume what these folks is trying to get at is whether we're the right sort to have the care of children. What they want is the onvarnished truth, and that's what they ought to get."

"It would be hard for the poor little orphans to get into wrong hands—that's true," assented Emeline, thoughtfully, but she added Mr. Slocum's name with reluctance.

"Now, there's only one question more, Joshua, and that's kind of a suspicious one."

"What is your object in desiring to take a child to board?" "It seems as if they kind of mistrusted us, doesn't it?"

Joshua studied for a correct answer. "Let's say we're lonely here without children, and we'd like to pay off that mortgage. It would pay it off if we kept the child two years."

"Don't you think that sounds graspin', as if we cared for the money?" objected Emeline.

"It's the truth, Emmy—that's what we want the money for, and it ain't saying as we are going to misuse the boy, is it?"

"We ought to treat him all the better because of the pay," agreed Emeline. "Goodness me, who'd want to misuse a poor little orphan anyways? Seems to me, Joshua, folks couldn't do enough for a child coming all ready-made from the city, and paid for, too."

She folded up the paper and directed the envelope with a careful hand. Joshua put the letter in his pocket, and promised to mail it the next morning. A week passed, during which Emeline was constantly watching for the coming of the child. Joshua had driven to the post-office every day for letters, but nothing more was heard from the society. Emeline arranged a little single bed in the spare-room, next to hers, and

covered the floor with a piece of new rag carpet. There were flowers in the window and two pictures on the wall—one representing the Saviour blessing little children and the other the little Samuel in prayer. Everything was in readiness for the child, but still he came not. Emeline was sure that their answers were not accepted as satisfactory. Perhaps the society objected to the mortgage, or had heard an unfavourable report from the unfriendly Slocum. She was sure something was wrong, and worried herself almost sick over it; but Joshua seemed indifferent and said nothing, yet in his heart he yearned for the presence of the child, and never came in from the fields without hoping to find the little stranger on his hearth.

One day, two horses and a buggy drove up the steep hill and stopped in front of the little white house. Joshua had observed it from the field, and decided that it was a livery team from the distant railroad station. Perhaps the child had come at last. When he reached the house he found Emeline trembling with excitement. A lady in a gray cloak and looking decidedly travel-worn and weary was sitting by the window. Emeline was describing their hopes and fears, and explaining why she thought they could take care of a child.

"We're lonely; we're both fond of children, and thought it would keep us young to have a little one about the house—and then, you know, we told you about the mortgage."

"We can pay off the mortgage without boarding anybody else's child, Emmy," said Joshua, the proud and inconsistent. "The money will come handy, of course, but it's not just the money we're after. If Emeline and me didn't have our hearts set on that child we'd never look this way to get our farm clear of debt; but the two things seem to fit together—the money will pay off the mortgage, and, I presume, we can benefit the child. Is that satisfactory?"

"Perfectly," said the visitor. "Will you show me where you would have the child sleep?"

Emeline led the way up-stairs to the little bed-room. The visitor took it in at a glance.

"The stove from the sitting-room heats this room, too," Emeline explained, showing the opening in the floor to the room below.

"We thought perhaps you had heard something against us," she murmured, with a blush. "Mr. Slocum—didn't he—"

"He wrote us that we couldn't find a better home for a child."

"There, Emmy; Slocum ain't got the grudge you gave him credit for! He knew all along that I said no more'n the truth when I spoke my mind so free to him."

Emeline was radiant with pleasure. "And when is the child coming?" she whispered to the visitor.

"He's out in the buggy; I'll call him in," and she disappeared quickly out the door. In a few minutes she returned, leading by the hand your Little Brother James, restored to the very least of his rights—the right to be clean and fair to look upon—and the hero of the prison cell, the reformatory, and the streets, stood for the first time in his life on the threshold of a Christian home.

If you had seen him at that moment, you would not have hesitated to claim him as a little brother. It seemed as if the criminal had been laid aside, with the rags and filth of the slums, and the child was now apparent, proudly conscious of his improved appearance and the glory of his new apparel, which, to his critical, boyish mind, elevated him to a level with all the happy, well-cared-for children in Christendom.

He sat down carefully on the edge of a chair, and laid his well-filled canvas bag of clothing, of which he was justly proud, on the floor by his side. Emeline gazed at him with rapture, but in her shy excitement knew not what to say. He seemed to her a creature from another world—so strikingly handsome and yet with such pale and delicate features, sharpened somewhat by hunger and privation. His deep-set, dark-blue eyes looked unnaturally large, and gave a pathetic expression to his face. The crowning beauty of all was the mass of thick yellow curls which clustered over his forehead, giving almost the effect of a halo.

There was so much to be said that ought not to be said in the presence of the child that Emeline led the visitor to another room, where she tried to collect her thoughts and understand fully the requirements of the society. The visitor talked very earnestly, striving to impress on Emeline's mind some idea of the life the little boy had led in the city, and expressing a hope that they would not

expose him to temptation nor suffer the smallest action to go unheeded. He was to be under strict surveillance, and it would require the greatest patience to train him properly. Emeline and Joshua listened intelligently, and thought they understood all that was said.

They promised faithfully to comply with the requirements of the society, but their chief fear was that the city child would not be happy in his new home.

"It will be hard for him until he gets used to our country ways," said Emeline, wiping her eyes furtively.

The visitor departed, after bidding her little charge good-bye with much tenderness, and promising to call and see him soon. Emeline and Joshua followed her to the buggy and held another hurried conversation out-of-doors. The visitor finally tore herself away, and the buggy vanished over the brow of the hill.

When Emeline returned to the kitchen she found the little boy sitting where she had left him, crying bitterly. He had not expected to be deserted in this fashion, and felt a good deal as you would feel, dear reader, if the mayor, or some other high dignitary, were to take you by the hand and lead you gently, but firmly into the wilds of Patagonia, believing such a remote spot more conducive to your morals than the excitements of the Stock Exchange or the luxurious independence of a woman's club. He had become also rather attached to the visitor during the long journey, and regarded her sudden desertion as base, and thoroughly in keeping with his preconceived notions of the heartlessness of philanthropists.

"They're goin' to bind me out to a farmer," he muttered, with a fresh burst of tears. The neat home-like kitchen, with its ticking clock, cheerful fire, and the canary bird in the window failed to bring comfort to his mind.

Emeline, with her heart full of pity, stroked his head tenderly, and laid a rosy apple in his hand—the tears did not cease to flow, but he thoughtfully put the apple in his pocket.

"Come with me, my boy," said Joshua, "and I'll show you a baby horse that ain't afraid to eat out of your hand." A baby horse struck the city boy as something of a novelty, so he dried his eyes and followed Joshua to the stable.

On his return he found the table set with a white cloth, and a great variety of eatables thereon. There were three kinds of preserves, and two of canned fruit; two large pies, three kinds of pickles, a steaming dish of potatoes, another of ham and eggs, an immense plate of home-made bread in thick slices, a great round of butter, a plate of cookies, and a jug of milk.

Your Little Brother had never seen a table set with such plenty before, and his eyes grew round with wonder. Joshua sat down and motioned James to a seat by his side, and the boy slid into a chair overcome with bashfulness and hunger. Like all well-regulated country families, Emeline and Joshua began by giving thanks, after which, the meal proceeded without ceremony.

To say that little James did justice to those wholesome viands would but feebly express his appreciation. Joshua and Emeline had never seen a child eat quite so much, but then they had never before seen a child who for seventeen days had partaken of the delicacies of prison fare. It seemed as if he could not quite fill up the vacuum which that dreadful experience had caused. The last course of all was the plate of cookies, which Emeline handed him, laying a delightfully browned morsel sparkling with white sugar on his plate. Your Little Brother was unable to eat more than one, but after Joshua and his wife had risen from the table, he managed, by a quick, sly movement of his hand, to transfer half a dozen of the delectable cookies to his trousers' pocket, after which he felt happier, and strolled over to the window in great peace of mind.

It seemed to your Little Brother nothing more than a wise precaution to lay by some of this over-abundant meal for a future occasion. How could he know that such plenty would ever appear again, and especially those particular cookies? In his experience a feast had always been followed by a famine.

He looked out the window and again over his shoulder at the busy Emeline, who was occupied with dish washing. Joshua had disappeared. Your Little Brother waited until Emeline chanced to leave the room with a pile of shining dishes in her hands, when he slipped quickly out-of-doors and walked about, carelessly kicking the pebbles with his feet.

Presently he found what he wanted, a large, smooth, gray stone resting

against the fence, and wrapping the cookies in his handkerchief he deposited them carefully in a little hollow, which he scooped out of the earth with his hands, and laid the big stone over them. It was so neatly done that not a vestige of the handkerchief remained in sight, and it was the work of a few seconds only.

Emeline, from the kitchen window, had observed this performance, feeling (in obedience to the visitor's instructions) in duty bound to keep her charge in sight. So far she was unable to discover what the buried treasure might be.

Just at that moment a beautiful shepherd dog, with tawny mane and tail, came bounding joyfully toward the little boy, as if to welcome him as an acceptable playfellow. Little James started back half-frightened, but, accepting the overtures as friendly, patted the dog shyly on the back. Rover pranced, wagged, and barked; and then, pausing as if struck by a sudden thought, stood with his long pointed nose sniffing the wind.

With a flourish of his handsome tail, he whisked about and rushed to the stone that covered the buried treasure. As it was too heavy to be easily moved, he proceeded to dig under it with rapid, vigorous strokes of his powerful paws, and behold! out came the treasure with a jerk, held by a corner of the handkerchief in Rover's mouth, and tossed proudly aloft for exhibition. The little boy attempted to rescue it, but failed, and Rover proceeded to shake the handkerchief fiercely, scattering the cookies right and left on the ground. James gathered them up as quickly as possible and put them into his pocket. He did not betray either anger or mortification at this exposure of his little scheme, but seated himself contentedly on the large stone, and threw pieces of the cake at the dog, who was now engaged in wreaking playful vengeance on the handkerchief. This was soon dropped for the cookies, and your Little Brother, forgetful of the future, threw them away one by one in broken pieces, and entered into an exciting and delightful game of romping, in which the deep barks of the dog were mingled with the merry shouts and laughter of the child.

Emeline was well pleased to witness his enjoyment, but much mystified by the concealment of the cookies.

"It's what you might expect of a dog," she said to Joshua, "but it seems kinder uncommon behaviour in a child."

"Probably he don't know what it is to have enough and plenty to eat," suggested Joshua, "and he's laying by for the time when he's hungry again. We don't know what that child's been through in his lifetime, Emmy."

"Yes," assented Emeline, "he has a kind o' look on his face as if he mistrusted everybody, and I presume he allows that you and me are going to misuse him and grudge him even a few cookies."

Joshua took his hat from its peg and went out to bring in the cows, for it was now milking time. He called the little boy to accompany him, and ordered the facetious Rover to "quit his pranks and fetch in the cows." Rover started off immediately, and sprang over the fence and up the hill as swiftly as a fox pursued by hunters.

Joshua and your Little Brother followed leisurely. Rover soon appeared at the top of the hill, barking and bounding at the heels of the cows, who were trotting obediently homeward, with the exception of a foolish heifer—persistently bent on returning to the pasture. Joshua and his little companion were soon out of the lane and ascending the hillside, where they waited for the cows.

Rover, in his zeal, had worried the unwise heifer into a state of excitement, in which she hardly knew what she was about. Cantering recklessly down the hill, she was about to turn aside to avoid her master, when your Little Brother courageously headed her off on the right with open arms and terrific shouts. The older and more sedate cows closed in on the rear, and she finally yielded to their pressure, and followed the herd until they reached the bars. Here some turned back, confused by the presence of a stranger and annoyed by Rover's exciting barks.

Your nimble Little Brother, eager to distinguish himself again, flew near to the rear, and, picking up a small stone, flung it at the hindmost cow with the unerring aim of a street Arab, accompanying the action with a string of choice adjectives and oaths, such as had been addressed to him since infancy.

Joshua's powerful hand grasped

your Little Brother's arm sternly, and his face flushed with anger.

"That language ain't to be used here—not on my farm nor to any of my cattle."

"I didn't mean nothin'," murmured your Little Brother, dismayed and terrified. "I was only tellin' them cows the way to go."

"It's not fit language for cattle to hear, nor little boys to speak," continued the shocked Joshua, in milder tones, for he noticed the pallor that came over the boy's face, and the sudden shrinking of the small form. "They've yet to hear the first curse-word from me—I don't swear at them myself, nor allow them that lives with me to misuse 'em ; it ain't Christian-like."

"I didn't know as it was wrong to swear at cows," replied your Little Brother, ingenuously, his confidence restored as soon as he found himself released without a blow ; "I knowed it wasn't right to swear at Christians, but I didn't know as it mattered for Jews or 'Dagoes' or dumb things like cows."

"Well, I calculate that my cows is Christian," asserted Joshua with decision. "They live in a Christian country, with Christian folk, and they behave peaceable and proper."

"I wouldn't 'a' swore at 'em if I'd knowed that," apologized little James sweetly ; "I thought they was just common cows like we have in the city. But I won't swear agin at nothin'. I didn't mean no harm ; I like them Christian cows real well."

"They're only used to kindness ; Emeline and me don't holler at our cattle, nor beat them. 'Taint worth while, when you can make them mind just as well without."

Emeline came out in her sun-bonnet, and assisted at the milking, after which Joshua and his small companion were summoned to the supper table.

This was another abundant meal, of which your Little Brother partook heartily.

The rolling landscape outside grew dim, and James could barely see the outside of a stone fence and the waving boughs of trees. Night was falling, and he was glad of the warmth and comfort within. The hanging lamp in the sitting-room was lighted, and a wood fire made, to take the chill off the autumn evening.

"If you get hungry between meals," Emeline said, with a gentle smile, "you'll come to me for a 'piece,' or a couple of cookies, won't you ?"

The little boarder looked up suspiciously, but Emeline gave no sign of superior knowledge.

"It won't do to let him know we've been watching him," she thought ; "he might think us mistrustful, and if he just knows he can have all he wants for the askin', there won't be any occasion to take things."

Little James, sitting in a large, old-fashioned chair by the stove, while Emeline bent over some sewing, and Joshua spread out his newspaper, was soon overcome with drowsiness, and fell fast asleep. Joshua and Emeline talked in low tones about their new responsibility, and concluded that he would need "a deal o' watchin'," but they hoped he would listen to advice and would take training. Joshua carried him up-stairs to his little room, and Emeline undressed him and laid him in the cozy feather bed.

"We won't hear him his prayers to-night," observed Emeline ; "he's that tired and sleepy I presume he wouldn't know what he was sayin', but we can mention him in our prayers, Joshua," and they took the lamp down-stairs. And thus ended the child's first day's experience as a recognized little brother.

DUTY.

I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
And therefore see no higher ; but if done,
My view is brighten'd and another spot
Seen on my mortal sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfil it, and a higher will arise,
E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—
Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest most deplore
Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
In duties done, falls from their eyes the more
Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom then to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appal ?
No ; duty is our ladder to the skies,
And, climbing not, we fall.

THE NEW ORGAN.

BY ELIZA CALVERT HALL.

"Gittin' a new organ is a mighty different thing nowadays from what it was when I was young," said Aunt Jane judicially, as she lifted a panful of yellow harvest apples from the table and began to peel them for dumplings.

Potatoes, peas and asparagus were bubbling on the stove, and the dumplings were in honour of the invited guests, who had begged the privilege of staying in the kitchen awhile. Aunt Jane was one of those rare housekeepers whose kitchens are more attractive than the parlours of other people.

"And gittin' religion is different, too," she continued, propping her feet on the round of a chair for the greater comfort and convenience of her old knees. "Both of 'em is a heap easier than they used to be, and the organs is a heap better. I don't know whether the religion's any better or not. You know I went up to my daughter Mary Francis' last week, and the folks up there was havin' a big meetin' in the Tabernicle, and that's how come me to be thinkin' about organs.

"The preacher was an evangelist, as they call him, Sam Joynes, from down in Georgy. In my day he'd 'a' been called the Rev. Samuel Joynes. Folks didn't call their preachers Tom, Dick and Harry and Jim and Sam like they do now. I'd like to 'a' seen anybody callin' Parson Page 'Lem Page.' He was the Rev. Lemuel Page, and nothing else. But things is different, as I said awhile ago, and even the little boys says 'Sam Joynes,' jest like he played marbles with 'em every day. I went to the Tabernicle three or four times; and of all the preachers that ever I heard he certainly is the beatenest. Why, I ain't laughed so much since me and Abram went to Barnum's circus the year before the war. He was preachin' one day about cleanliness bein' next to godliness, which it certainly is, and he says, 'You old skunk, you!' But, la! the worse names he called 'em the better they 'peared to like it, and sinners were converted wholesale every time he preached."

Just here the old yellow rooster fluttered up to the doorstep and gave a hoarse, ominous crow.

"There, now! You hear that?" said Aunt Jane, as she tossed him a golden peeling from her pan. "There's some folks that gives right up and looks for sickness or death or bad news every time a rooster crows in the door. But I never let such things bother me. The Bible says that nobody knows what a day may bring forth, and if I don't know, it ain't likely my old yaller rooster does.

"What was I talkin' about? Oh, yes—the Sam Joynes meetin'. Well, I never was no hand to say that old ways is best, and I don't say so now. If you can convert a man by callin' him a polecat, why, call him one, of course. And mournin' ain't always a sign o' true repentance. They used to tell how Silas Petty mourned for forty days, and, as Sally Ann said, he had about as much religion as old Dan Tucker's Derby ram.

"However, it was the organ I set out to tell about. It's jest like me to wander away from the p'int. Abram always said a text would have to be made like a postage-stamp for me to stick to it. You see, they'd jest got a fine new organ at Mary Francis' church, and she was tellin' me how they paid for it. One man give five hundred dollars, and another give three hundred; and then they collected four or five hundred amongst the other members, and give a lawn-party and a strawberry festival, and raised another hundred. It set me to thinkin' o' the time us women got the organ for Goshen church. It warn't no light matter, for, besides the money it took us nearly three years to raise, there was the opposition. Come to think of it, we raised more opposition than we did money;" and Aunt Jane laughed a blithe laugh, and tossed another peeling to the yellow rooster, who had dropped the role of harbinger of evil and was posing as a humble suppliant.

"An organ in them days, honey, was jest a wedge to split the church half in two. It was the new cyarpet that brought on the organ. You know how it is with yourself; you

git a new dress, and then you've got to have a new bonnet, and then you can't wear your old shoes and gloves with a new dress and a new bonnet, and the first thing you know you've spent five times as much as you set out to spend. That's the way it was with us about the cyarpet and the organ and the pulpit chairs and the communion set.

"Most o' the men folks was against the organ from the start, and Silas Petty was the foremost. Silas made a p'int of goin' against everything that women favoured. Sally Ann used to say that if a woman was to come up to him and say, 'Le's go to heaven,' Silas would start off towards the other place right at once; he was jest that mulish and contrairy. He met Sally Ann one day, and says he, 'Jest give you women rope enough and you'll turn the house o' the Lord into a reg'lar toy-shop.' And Sally Ann she says, 'You'd better go home, Silas, and read the book of Exodus. If the Lord told Moses how to build the Tabernicle with the goats' skins and rams' skins and blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen and candlesticks with six branches, I reckon he won't object to a few yards o' cyarpetin' and a little organ in Goshen church.'

"Sally Ann always had an answer ready, and I used to think she knew more about the Bible than Parson Page did himself.

"Of course Uncle Jim Matthews didn't want the organ; he was afraid it might interfere with his singin'. Job Taylor always stood up for Silas, so he didn't want it; and Parson Page never opened his mouth one way or the other. He was one o' those men that tries to set on both sides o' the fence at once, and he'd set that way so long he was a mighty good hand at balancin' himself.

"Us women didn't say much, but we made up our minds to have the organ. So we went to work in the Mite Society, and in less'n three years we had enough money to get it. I've often wondered how many pounds o' butter, and how many baskets of eggs it took to raise that money. I reckon if they'd 'a' been piled up on top of each other they'd 'a' reached to the top o' the steeple. The women of Israel brought their ear-rings and bracelets to help build the Tabernicle, but we had jest our egg and butter money, and the second year, when the chicken cholery was so bad, our prospects looked mighty blue.

"When I saw that big organ up at Danville, I couldn't help thinkin' about the little thing we worked so hard to git. 'Twasn't much bigger'n a washstand, and I reckon if I was to hear it now, I'd think it was mighty feeble and squeaky. But it sounded fine enough to us in them days, and, little as it was, it raised a disturbance for miles around.

"When it came down from Louisville, Abram went to town with his two-horse waggon and brought it out and set it up in our parlour. My Jane had been takin' lessons in town all winter so's to be able to play on it.

"We had a right good choir for them days; the only trouble was that everybody wanted to be leader. That's a common failin' with church choirs, I've noticed. Milly Amos sung soprano, and my Jane was the alto; John Petty sung bass, and young Sam Crawford tenor; and as for Uncle Jim Matthews, he sung everything, and plenty of it, too. Milly Amos used to say he was wuss'n a flea. He'd start out on the bass, and first thing you knew, he'd be singin' tenor with Sam Amos; and by the time Sam was good and mad, he'd be off onto the alto or the soprano. He was one o' those meddlesome old creeturs that thinks the world never moved till they got into it, and they've got to help everybody out with whatever they happen to be doin'. Uncle Jim must 'a' been born singin'.

"I've seen people that said they didn't like the idea o' goin' to heaven and standin' round a throne and singin' hymns forever and ever; but you couldn't 'a' pleased Uncle Jim better than to set him down in jest that sort o' heaven. Wherever there was a chance to get in some singin', there you'd be shore to find Uncle Jim. Folks used to say he enjoyed a funeral a heap better than he did a weddin', 'cause he could sing at the funeral, and he couldn't at the weddin'; and Sam Crawford said he believed if Gabriel was to come down and blow his trumpet, Uncle Jim would get up and begin to sing.

"It wouldn't 'a' been so bad if he'd had any sort of a voice; but he'd been singin' all his life and hollerin' at protracted meetin's ever since he got religion, till he'd sung and hollered all the music out of his voice, and there wasn't nothin' left but the old creaky machinery. It used to make me think of an old rickety

house with the blinds flappin' in the wind. It mortified us turrible to have any of the Methodists or Babtists come to our church. We was sort o' used to the old man's capers, but people that wasn't couldn't keep a straight face when the singin' begun, and it took more grace than any of us had to keep from gittin' mad when we seen people from another church laughin' at our choir.

"The Babtists had a powerful protracted meetin' one winter. Uncle Jim was there to help with the singin', as a matter of course, and he begun to git mightily interested in Babtist doctrines. Used to go home with 'em after church and talk about Greek and Hebrew words till the clock struck twelve. And one communion Sunday he got up, solemn as a owl, and marched out o' church jest before the bread and wine was passed. Made out like he warn't shore he'd been rightly babtized. The choir was mightily tickled at the idea o' gettin' shed o' the old pest, and Sam Crawford went to him and told him he was on the right track, and to go ahead, for the Babtists was undoubtedly correct, and if it wasn't for displeasin' his father and mother, he'd jine 'em himself.

"And then—Sam never could let well enough alone—then he went to Bush Elrod, the Babtist tenor, and says he, 'I hear you're goin' to have a new member in your choir.' And Bush says, 'Well, if the old idiot ever jines this church, we'll hold his head under the water so long that he won't be able to spile good music agin.' And then he give Uncle Jim a hint o' how things was; and when Uncle Jim heard that the Presbyterians was anxious to git shed o' him, he found out right away that all them Greek and Hebrew words meant sprinklin' and infant babtism. So he settled down to stay where he was, and hollered louder'n ever the next Sunday.

"The old man was a good enough Christian, I reckon; but when it come to singin', he was a stumblin'-block and rock of offence to the whole church, and especially to the choir. The first thing Sally Ann said when she looked at the new organ was, 'Well, Jane, how do you reckon it's goin' to sound with Uncle Jim's voice?' and I laughed till I had to set down in a cheer.

"Well, when the men folks found out that our organ had come, they begun to wake up. Abram had brought it out Tuesday, and Wednesday night, as soon as prayer-meetin' broke, Parson Page says, says he: 'Brethren, there is a little business to be transacted. Please remain a few minutes longer.' And then, when we had set down agin, he went on to say that the sisters had raised money and bought an organ, and there was some division of opinion among the brethren about usin' it, so he would like to have the matter discussed. He used a lot o' big words and talked mighty smooth, and I knew there was trouble ahead for us women.

"Uncle Jim was the first one to get up. He was so anxious to begin, he couldn't hardly wait for Parson Page to git through; and anybody would 'a' thought that he'd been up to heaven to hear him tell about the sort o' music there was thar, and the sort they ought to be on earth. 'Why, brethren,' says he, 'when John saw the heavens opened there wasn't no organs up there. God don't keer nothin',' says he, 'about such newfangled worldly instruments. But when a lot o' sweet human voices gits to praisin' him, why, the very angels stops singin' to listen.'

"Milly Amos was right behind me, and she leaned over and says, 'Well, if the angels 'd ruther hear Uncle Jim's singin' than our organ, they've got mighty pore taste, that's all I've got to say.'

"Silas Petty was the next one to git up, and says he: 'I never was in favour o' doin' things half-way, brethren, and if we've got to have the organ, why, we might as well git a monkey, too, and be done with it. For my part,' says he, 'I want to worship in the good old way my fathers, and grandfathers worshipped in, and, unless my feelin's change very considerable, I shall have to withdraw from this church if any such Satan's music-box is set up in this holy place.'

"And Sally Ann turned around and whispered to me, 'We ought to got that organ long ago, Jane.' I like to laughed right out, and I leaned over, and says I, 'Why don't you git up and talk for us, Sally Ann?'

"Jest then I looked around, and there was Abram standin' up. Well, you could 'a' knocked me over with a feather. Abram always was one o'

those close-mouthed men. Never spoke if he could git around it any way whatever. Parson Page used to git after him every protracted meetin' about not leadin' in prayer and havin' family worship ; and there he was talkin' as glib as old Uncle Jim.

"And says he : 'Brethren, I ain't carin' much one way or another about this organ. I don't know how the angels feel about it, not havin' so much acquaintance with 'em as Uncle Jim has ; but I do know enough about women to know that there ain't no use tryin' to stop 'em when they git their heads set on a thing, and I'm goin' to haul that organ over to-morrow mornin' and set it up for the choir to practice by Friday night. If I don't haul it over, Sally Ann and Jane'll tote it over between 'em, and if they can't git it into the church by the door, they'll hist a window and git it in that way. I reckon,' says he, 'I've got all the men against me in this matter, but then, I've got all the women on my side, and I reckon all the women and one man makes a pretty good majority, and so I'm goin' to haul the organ over to-morrow mornin'.'

"I declare I felt real proud of Abram, and I told him so that night when we was goin' home together. Then Parson Page, he says, 'It seems to me there is sound sense in what Brother Parish says, and I suggest that we allow the sisters to have their way, and give the organ a trial ; and if we find that it is hurtful to the interests of the church, it will be an easy matter to remove it.' And Milly Amos says to me, 'I see 'em gittin' that organ out if we once git it in.'

"When the choir met Friday night, Milly come in all in a flurry, and says she : 'I hear Brother Gardner has gone to the 'Sociation down in Russellville, and all the Babtists are comin' to our church Sunday ; and I want to show 'em what good music is this once, anyhow. Uncle Jim Matthews is laid up with rheumatism,' says she, 'and if that ain't a special providence I never saw one.' And Sam Crawford slapped his knee, and says he, 'Well, if the old man's rheumatism jest holds out over Sunday, them Babtists 'll hear music shore.'

"Then Milly went on to tell that she'd been up to Squire Elrod's, and Miss Penelope, the squire's niece from Louisville, had promised to sing a voluntary Sunday——

"'Voluntary ? What's that ?' says Sam.

"'Why,' says Milly, 'it's a hymn that the choir, or somebody in it, sings of their own accord, without the preacher givin' it out ; just like your tomatoes come up in the spring, voluntary, without you plantin' the seed. That's the way they do in the city churches,' says she, 'and we are goin' to put on city style Sunday.'

"Then they went to work and practiced some new tunes for the hymns Parson Page had given 'em, so if Uncle Jim's rheumatism didn't hold out he'd still have to hold his peace.

"Well, Sunday come ; but special providence was on Uncle Jim's side that time, and there he was as smilin' as a basket o' chips, if he did have to walk with a cane. We'd had the church cleaned up as neat as a new pin. My Jane had put a bunch of honeysuckles and pinks on the organ, and everybody was dressed in their best. Miss Penelope was settin' at the organ with a bunch of roses in her hand, and the windows was all open, and you could see the trees wavin' in the wind and hear the birds singin' outside. I always did think that was the best part o' Sunday—that time jest before church begins."

Aunt Jane's voice dropped. Her words came slowly ; and into the story fell one of those "flashes of silence" to which she was as little given as the great historian. The pan of dumplings waited for the sprinkling of spice and sugar while she stood motionless, looking afar off, though her gaze apparently stopped on the vacant whitewashed wall before her. No mind-reader's art was needed to tell what scene her faded eyes beheld. There was the old church, with its battered furniture and high pulpit. For one brief moment the grave had yielded up its dead, and "the old familiar faces" looked out from every pew.

We were very near together, Aunt Jane and I ; but the breeze that fanned her brow was not the breeze I felt as I sat by her kitchen window. For her a wind was blowing across the plains of memory ; and the honeysuckle odour it carried was not from the bush in the yard. It came, weighted with dreams, from the blossoms that her Jane had placed on the organ twenty-five

years ago. A Bob White was calling in the meadow across the dusty road, and the echoes of the second bell had just died away. She and Abram were side by side in their accustomed place, and life lay like a watered garden in the peaceful stillness of the time "jest before church begins."

The asparagus on the stove boiled over with a great spluttering, and Aunt Jane came back to "the eternal now."

"Sakes alive!" she exclaimed, as she lifted the saucepan; "I must be gittin' old, to let things bile over this way while I'm studyin' about old times. I declare, I believe I've clean forgot what I was sayin'."

"You were at church," I suggested, "and the singing was about to begin."

"Shore enough! Well, all at once Miss Penelope laid her hands on the keys and begun to play and sing 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.' We'd heard that hymn all our lives at church and protracted meetin's and prayer-meetin's, but we hadn't no idea how it could sound till Miss Penelope sung it all by herself that day with our new organ.

"I recollect jest how she looked, pretty little thing that she was; and sometimes I can hear her voice jest as plain as I hear that robin out yonder in the ellum tree. Every word was jest like a bright new piece o' silver, and every note was jest like gold; and she was lookin' up through the winder at the trees and the sky like she was singing' to somebody we couldn't see. We clean forgot about the new organ and the Babtists; and I really believe we was feelin' nearer to God than we'd ever felt before.

"When she got through with the first verse, she played somethin' soft and sweet and begun agin; and right in the middle of the first line—I declare, it's twenty-five years ago, but I git mad now when I think about it—right in the middle of the first line Uncle Jim jined in like an old squawkin' jay-bird, and sung like he was tryin' to drown out Miss Penelope and the new organ, too.

"Everybody give a jump when he first started, and he'd got nearly through the verse before we took in what was happenin'. Even the Babtists jest looked surprised like the rest of us. But when Miss Penelope begun the third line and Uncle Jim jined in with his hollerin', I saw Bush Elrod grin, and that grin spread all over the Babtist crowd in no time. The Presbyterian young folks was gigglin' behind their fans, and Bush got to laughin' till he had to git up and leave the church.' They said he went up the road to Sam Amos' pasture and laid down on the ground and rolled over and over and laughed till he couldn't laugh no more.

"I was so mad I started to git up, though goodness knows what I could 'a' done. Abram, he grabbed my dress, and says, 'Steady, Jane!' jest like he was talkin' to the old mare. The thing that made me maddest was Silas Petty a-leanin' back in his pew and smilin' as satisfied as could be. I didn't mind the Babtists half as much as I did Silas.

"The only person in the church that wasn't the least bit flustered was Miss Penelope. She was a Marshall on her mother's side, and I always said that nobody but a born lady could 'a' acted as she did. She sung right on as if everything was goin' exactly right, and she'd been singin' hymns with Uncle Jim all her life. Two or three times, when the old man kind o' lagged behind, it looked like she waited for him to ketch up, and when she got through, and Uncle Jim was lumberin' on the last note, she folded her hands and set there lookin' out the winder where the sun was shinin' on the silver poplar trees, jest as peaceful as a angel, and the rest of us as mad as hornets. Milly Amos set back of Uncle Jim, and his red bandana handkerchief was lyin' over his shoulders where he'd been shooin' the flies away. She told me the next day it was all she could do to keep from reachin' over and chokin' the old man off while Miss Penelope was singin'.

"I said Miss Penelope was the only one that wasn't flustered. I ought to 'a' said Miss Penelope and Uncle Jim. The old creetur was jest that simple-minded he didn't know he'd done anything out o' the way, and he set there lookin' as pleased as a child and thinkin', I reckon, how smart he'd been to help Miss Penelope out with the singin'.

"The rest o' the hymns went off all right, and it did me good to see Uncle Jim's face when they struck up the new tunes. He tried to jine in, but he had to give it up and wait for the Doxology.

"Parson Page preached a powerful good sermon, but I don't reckon it done some of us much good, we was so put out about Uncle Jim spilin' our voluntary.

"After meetin' broke and we was goin' home, me and Abram had to pass by Silas Petty's waggon. He was helpin' Maria in, and I don't know what she'd been sayin', but he says, 'It's a righteous judgment on you women, Maria, for profanin' the Lord's house with that there organ.' And, mad as I was, I had to laugh.

"Of course, the choir was madder'n ever at Uncle Jim; and when Milly Amos had fever that summer, she called Sam to her the day she was at her worst, and pulled his head down and whispered as feeble as a baby; 'Don't let Uncle Jim sing at my funeral, Sam.' And Sam broke out a-laughin' and a-cryin' at the same time—he thought a heap o' Milly. And Milly got to laughin', weak as she was, and in a few minutes she dropped off to sleep, and when she woke up the fever was gone, and she begun to git well from that day. I always believed that laugh was the turnin'-p'int. Instead of Uncle Jim singin' at her funeral, she sung at Uncle Jim's, and broke down and cried like a child for all the mean things she'd said about the pore old creetur's voice."

Aunt Jane peered into the stove where the dumplings were taking on a golden-brown. Her story-telling evidently did not interfere with her culinary skill, and I said so.

"La, child," she replied, dashing a pinch of "seasonin'" into the peas, "when I git so old I can't do but one thing at a time, I'll try to die as soon as possible."—The Cosmopolitan.

THE HARP.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

This have I learned . . .
That all my music must be tuned to His,
Or music it is not; but only harsh
And jarring sound, that fills the ear, and makes
His harmonies all discord; therefore He
(The great Musician) takes the instrument,
Misused and worthless, and His hand attunes
The unwilling chords that vibrate to His touch,
Raising the pitch until the tested note
Is kin to His.

The process may be long
And painful; oft it seems the strings will snap
Under the lengthened strain; but some sweet day
That same dear, patient Hand will sweep His harp,
Whose quick response of pure and perfect tone
Shall thrill the silence waiting for the sound,
And throb His love along the universe,
And satisfy my Master!

Victoria, B.C.

SPEAK NO ILL.

BY KATHERINE A. CLARKE.

Oh, breathe no ill of others' lives,
Or in such converse bear a part;
Words can give sorer wounds than knives,
And sadly lacerate the heart,
Judge not, O man, thy fellow man,
Leave that to Him who reads the mind;
But search for all the good you can,
For they who seek shall surely find.

Be tender in your speech of all,
And never let your voice be heard
Condemning others for their fall,
Or slandering them by deed or word,

To others' failings close your eyes
And tarnish not another's name;
For who shall say that you would rise
A better man if tried the same?

Then lenient be to others' faults,
As you would have them be to you,
And take no part in those assaults
That taint the noble and the true;
For God alone can judge the man,
And we must all before Him stand;
Then ever speak the best you can
And reach to all a helping hand.

Toronto.

A COSTLY CONTRIBUTION.

Two elderly ladies sat by the fire in a comfortably furnished room, the walls of which were adorned with steel engravings of scenes in the lives of the Wesleys, Centenary gatherings, and a large photograph of the first lay representative Conference. The one seated in the low modern armchair on the side nearest the window was small and thin, with white hair and fair skin, and cheeks like old china. She had a meek, Quaker-like look about her, and her dress was of plain silver grey.

The other one was taller than her sister, and dark, and had a masculine mouth, at the corners of which there were lines which had been left by bygone storms. She was reading the newly arrived Methodist Recorder, and there was a disappointed, almost peevish look on her face, and presently she threw the paper from her with an impatient jerk, and as it fluttered to the hearthrug she shaded her face with her hand, and gazed moodily into the fire. Her soft-eyed little sister glanced concernedly at her once or twice, sighed a little, and then asked gently : "Anybody dead, love ?"

"No ; nobody we know."

Another slight pause, and then, in a caressing tone : "Anybody married ?"

"No."

"Any news about Hanster ?"

"No."

The little Quakeress' knitting seemed to trouble her just then, and her thin, almost transparent hands, shook a little as she fumbled for the dropped stitch. In a moment, however, she lifted her head and asked coaxingly : "Is there nothing interesting, love ?"

Miss Hannah dropped the hand that covered her eyes, glanced petulantly round the room, and then answered pensively : "Susan, there's one thing in that paper, and one only."

The head of the meek little woman opposite to her was bent over her knitting, the pearly cheek paled a little, and then she asked : "And that, love ?"

"That paper has got nothing in it but Twentieth Century ; it is Twentieth Century first page and Twentieth Century last, and Twentieth Century all the way through. Oh, that we should have lived to see this day !"

"Hannah !"

"I mean it, Susan ;" and the excited woman began to rock herself in an increasing grief. "There was a Branscombe who entertained Mr. Wesley, there have been Branscombes in every great movement our church has seen ; our father sat in the first Lay Conference, and we both subscribed to the Thanksgiving Fund ourselves. And now that our church is doing the noblest thing she ever did we shall be out of it. Oh, that we had gone before it came !"

"No, no, love, not so bad as that; we can give our guinea each, and —and one in memory of our dear father, ah—with a little more economy."

"Guineas ! Branscombes giving single guineas ! Our dear father down on that great Historic Roll for a guinea ! Susan, how can you ? what will the village think ? And the Hanster people, and father's old Conference friends ? They might suspect something ! We cannot think of it for a moment."

Miss Hannah had risen to her feet during her speech, but now, with a fretful, half-indignant gesture, she sank back into her chair and once more covered her face with her hands.

Little Miss Susan stole anxious, sympathetic glances across the room for a moment or two, and then, letting her knitting slide down upon her footstool, she stepped softly to the side of her sister's chair, and, bending over and pressing her delicate cheek against Miss Hannah's darker one, she murmured soothingly :

"And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be ;
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee,
And careful less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly."

As these lines were repeated, the face of Miss Hannah softened, the shadow upon it gradually disappeared, and in the pause that followed, a gentle light came into her black eyes. She bent forward and silently kissed the dear face that was still bent over her, and then said impulsively :

"Bless you, love ! What have I done to deserve such a sweet comforter ? But I should like to have done one more good thing for God and our church before I go to heaven."

"Never mind, dearest! When we get to heaven the Master will perhaps say to us as He said to David."

"What was that?"

"Thou didst well that it was in thine heart."

Now, the father of these two ladies had been a prosperous, well-to-do Methodist laymen of connexional repute, but when he died it was discovered that all his means were in his business, and that he had really saved very little. His funeral was attended by great numbers of Methodist magnates, lay and clerical, from all parts of the country, and the respect shown to their father's memory had been a sweet consolation to the bereaved sisters.

But whilst they were receiving the written and spoken sympathies of many friends, the family lawyer was expressing himself to himself in language that was, to say the least, very unparliamentary. Branscombe's business was certainly a lucrative one, and whilst he was there to attend to it, all was well; but the man who spent or gave away all his income, when he had two daughters unprovided for, was, in the lawyer's judgment, more fool than saint, and he ground his teeth savagely when he discovered that he would have to explain to the sorrowing women that they would have to change their style of life.

There was nothing else for it, however. The business would have to be carried on, for it was not the sort of thing that would realize much when sold. A manager would therefore have to be paid, and when that was done there would not be very much left for the two ladies who had always been brought up in such comfort.

The lawyer had no patience with men who left their affairs like that, and in spite of himself, some of his feeling on the point slipped out upon his first interview with his fair clients.

When he had gone, their minds were occupied with one thought only. It was clear that Mr. Bedwell thought their father blameworthy in the matter, and if he did, others would be of the same opinion. But they knew, as no one else did, how true and noble a parent they had lost, and at all costs they were determined that nothing should be done that would excite suspicion in the minds of their friends. Appearances, therefore, must be kept up, and everything must go on as usual; all their father's subscriptions must be continued, and their home must still be the chief house of entertainment in Hanster.

But as time went on these things became more and more difficult. Nearly half the profits of the business had to go to pay a manager; but, as he was not Mr. Branscombe, and the concern had depended largely upon the personal effort and influence of its chief, there was a serious annual shrinkage, in spite of all that Lawyer Bedwell could do to prevent it. Then the manager precipitated a crisis by absconding with some hundreds of pounds, and the legal adviser to the firm was compelled to recommend that the business be sold, and that the ladies should reduce their establishment, so as to be able to live upon what was left.

For their own sakes this might easily have been done, but for their father's they could not think of it. At last, however, they decided to leave the little town where they had been born, and where all their interests centred, and go into some quiet village, where they might live cheaply, and do in a smaller way the kind of work their father had done in Hanster.

And so they came to Pumphrey, where they were regarded as very great people indeed, and where their now reduced contributions were received as most munificent donations. But the habits of a lifetime are not easily unlearnt, and so, finding that the memory of their father was still fragrant in Pumphrey, and that the simple inhabitants of the village were ready to give them all the respect and deference due to their antecedents, they were soon acting in the old open-handed way; and whilst the little circuit in which the village was situate rejoiced in and boasted of their generosity, the poor ladies were constantly over-reaching themselves, and lived in a condition of chronic impecuniosity.

Their personal expenses were pared down until they could be reduced no further, but the large-hearted liberality to which they had always been accustomed, and which regard for their father's memory seemed to demand, was continued as far as possible. Recently, however, Miss Susan had had a severe illness, and this,

with the heavy doctor's bill it involved, had reduced them still further, and the announcement of the Twentieth Century Fund found them in the worst possible condition for doing their duty to it.

The long, pensive silence that fell upon the sisters after Miss Susan's last remark was broken presently by a knock at the door, and Jane, their faithful, if somewhat unmanageable, domestic, brought in the supper. Placing the little tray containing hot milk and thin bread and butter on the table, she picked up The Methodist Recorder, and somewhat ostentatiously proceeded to put it away in the home-made rack at the side of the fireplace.

"You can take the paper with you, Jane," said Miss Hannah.

"I doan't want it, mum," answered Jane gruffly, and in broadest Yorkshire.

"You don't want it, Jane! Why, it is full of news this week, all about the Twentieth Century Fund, you know."

"That's just it, mum! that theer fund I caan't abeear! It's gotten hup out o' pride an' pomp an' vanity, that's wot it is, an it'ull niver prosper, mark my wods!"

"Jane!"

"I meean it, mum! Thank goodness, nooan a my muney 'ull gooa ta sitchan a thing, an' bi wot I can hear ther's nooan o' t' villigers gooin' ta give nowt neeither."

"But, Jane——"

But before Miss Hannah could stop her, Jane had burst forth again: "It's nowt bud pride, an' wickidness, mum, it's woss nor that king as showed his treasures to that Babshakkle, an' as fur that theer rowl, it's King Daavid numberin' Hisrael, that's wot it is."

"But, Jane, we must all——"

"Yes, mum, that's wot you allas says, beggin' your pardon, bud it's my belief you ladies 'ud subscribe ta buyin' t' moon if t' Conference wanted it; bud I'm different, an' if I hed my waay not a penny 'ud goa oot o' this house ta that Million Fund."

As the privileged and outspoken Jane closed the door behind her, the two ladies looked at each other with astonishment, for Jane was as stout a supporter of all things Methodistic as they were, and they had difficulty sometimes in restraining her liberality.

To Miss Hannah, however, their old servant's words were more disturbing than to her mild sister. She did all the business of the establishment, and had charge of the purse, and she had privately resolved, in spite of her querulous words to her sister, that, if the worst came to the worst, she would do as she had been driven to do once or twice before, and get a temporary loan from Jane; but, if Jane disapproved of the fund, there might be difficulty, for nothing was concealed from her, and, in fact, she had more to do with the financial arrangements of the little family than even Miss Hannah herself.

Meanwhile Jane, who was short and plump, with bright black eyes and black hair, had made her way back into the kitchen, where sat a ruddy-looking man of about thirty, dressed like a gardener, and whose face wore an injured, protesting expression whilst he leaned forward propping his elbows on his knees and nervously twirling his cap round with his hands. He glanced sulkily up from under his brows as Jane entered the kitchen, and furtively watched her as she picked up a wash-leather and resumed her work at the plate basket.

The gardener gave his cap a fierce extra twirl, and then grumbled: "Ther niver wur nooabody humbugged like me; this is t' fowert (fourth) time I've been putten off."

Jane gave an ominous sniff; her plump face hardened a little, but she never spoke.

"It's t' Million Fund an' t' Mississes an' onnybody afoor me."

The spoon Jane was rubbing was flung into the basket with a peevish rattle, and rising to her feet and stepping to the rug before the fire she said indignantly: "John Craake, hev sum sense, wilta? Here I've been telling lies like a good 'un i' t' parlour till I can hardly bide mysen, an' noo I mun cum back ta be aggravaated bi thee. Them owd haangils i' t' parlour 'ud sell t' frocks offen ther backs ta subscribe ta this fund, an thou sits theer talkin' about weddins an sitch like floppery. I wunder thou isn't ashaamed o' thisen."

John sat ruminating dolefully for a moment or two, and then he wiped his nose with the back of his hand, and said, with sulky resignation: "Well, what mun I dew, then?"

"Dew? thou mun cum i' t' morning an' saay thi saay to 'em, an' if that weean't dew, thou mun waait, that's what thou mun dew."

Now, John had been courting Jane in a dogged sort of way almost ever since the Branscombes came to Pumphrey, but until recently he had made little apparent progress. Some few months before the time of which we write, however, a terrible burglary, with murderous incidents, had taken place in the neighbourhood, and as the news greatly upset the old ladies, and made them declare that they would never be able to stay in the house unless they could have a man about the place, Jane had made a virtue of necessity and accepted her lover, on the understanding that he was to come and live in the house, and never suggest any other arrangement so long as the old ladies lived.

John had eagerly agreed; but, though the wedding had been fixed now three times, it had so far been put off again and again, because, as John eventually discovered, the money which Jane, with a Yorkshire woman's thrifty ideas, felt was absolutely necessary for a decent woman's wedding, had been sacrificed to the needs of her mistresses.

And now it had seemed that the happy event was really to come off, and just at the last minute, so to speak, this Million Scheme had turned up, and Jane insisted that before her spare cash was spent on such a frivolous thing as getting married, she must be sure that it was not wanted to enable her mistresses to subscribe to the fund as become the daughters of Thomas Branscombe. For Jane, be it said, was as jealous for the honour of her old master as his daughters. She was, moreover, a Methodist of the Methodists, and had, upon the first announcement of the fund, decided that it was her duty to give at least five pounds to so glorious an object.

This idea, however, she now abandoned, and whilst she consented to try and persuade her mistresses not to think of subscribing, and had agreed that John should use his powers of persuasion in the same direction, she knew but too well that the dear old souls she worshipped would insist upon taking their part in the great movement, and, therefore, the money needed for the approaching wedding, would all be required for the old ladies' subscription. And, even if the sisters themselves could be talked over, she still felt that their names ought to be on the Roll, and that it was her duty to get them on, even if she had to do it unknown to them, and pay the subscriptions herself.

Next morning, therefore, John did his best to convince the ladies that nobody thereabouts cared anything for the fund, and that it would be useless to hold a meeting in the village for the purpose. Encouraged by Miss Hannah's manner as he respectfully argued with her, he even suggested that she should write to the super advising him not to think of holding a meeting in Pumphrey. Jane, however, when he told her what he had said in the parlour, was worse than skeptical, and insisted on him, as a leader, writing to the super himself.

A post or two later, however, a reply came to say that the meeting was fixed for the following Thursday night, and that Pumphrey surely would not be behind other places. John hastened to Pear Tree Cottage to tell the news as soon as he got the letter; but on entering the kitchen, he was interrupted in his story by the alarming information that Miss Susan had been taken ill in the night, and he must hasten away for the doctor.

The Thursday night came, and the super, alarmed and disappointed at not seeing "The Ladies" at the meeting, discovered, on inquiry, that Miss Susan was confined to her room, and that the doctor's report was not encouraging. The good man, therefore, came round on his way home, and Miss Hannah came down from the sick-room to speak to him.

Her report of the condition of the patient was so discouraging, and she herself looked so sad, that the good pastor forgot all about the meeting, and was just saying good-night when Miss Hannah said: "I was sorry we missed the meeting, but" (with hesitation and embarrassment) "of course, we shall send our subscription."

"Send it? But you did send it, Miss Branscombe."

"No! but we will do so; it will be all right, Mr. Makinson."

"But you did send it, excuse me, and a very nice one it is. See, here it is," and the minister pulled out a small roll of papers, and spread the top one out upon the table.

Miss Hannah, with a puzzled look, bent over the good man's shoulder and read, whilst tears came into her sad eyes as she recognized the clumsy writing:

	£	s.	d.
Thomas Branscombe, Esq. (In Memoriam)	5	5	0
Miss Susannah Wesley Branscombe	5	5	0
Miss Hannah More Branscombe	5	5	0
Jane Twizel	1	1	0

Miss Hannah turned away with a choking sob, and the super, embarrassed and perplexed, took a hasty departure.

In the small hours of the next morning, as Miss Hannah sat musing by the sick-room fire, a gentle voice called her to the bedside.

"What is it, love?" she asked anxiously.

"Oh, Hannah, love, isn't God good? I said He would find a way, and He has done—better than we can ask or think."

"Yes, love! of course, love; but what do you mean?"

"The fund, you know, the great fund; we shall do it, you see, after all. Oh, isn't He good?"

"Yes, love, of course."

But Miss Hannah's voice showed that she did not quite understand, and so, with a bright smile, the gentle sufferer explained faintly: "The insurance, you know; it is for whichever of us dies first."

"Dies?" cried Miss Hannah, in sudden distress; "you are not dying, love. Oh, no! You mustn't leave me alone."

But the sufferer evidently did not hear.

Presently she murmured almost inaudibly: "There will be plenty of money for you now, love, and the Branscombes will have an honourable place on the roll, and whilst the money will be making the world sweeter and better, we shall be at rest."

Two days later the gentle soul slipped away, and was laid by her father's side in the Hanster chapel-yard, and shortly after the Million Scheme was enriched by a contribution of a hundred pounds, "In loving memory of a noble father and a sainted sister in heaven."

Poor John Crake is still waiting, though somewhat more hopefully, to be allowed to act as a protection against burglars at Pear Tree Cottage.

IN SHADOWLAND.

I sit alone beside the fire and dream,
And watch the flickering shadows on the wall
Make weird, fantastic shapes, which rise and fall
As flames and sinks the pine log's fitful gleam.

It seems but yesterday we sat here hand in hand.
Though years have passed, I hear her voice so low
Murmuring the lullabies of long ago,
Mother and I, alone in shadowland.

I want her so, I long to hear her say,
"If you are sad, a cry will do you good,"
Then clasp me close. Ah, how she understood
And healed the heartache in her tender way!

Does she not know the longing? need I tell
How I would take from off my brow this crown
Of golden fame, which seems to weigh me down,
If she could kiss the hurt and make it well.

Friends pass me by; they do not understand,
Nor could they give that magic, healing touch
That mothers know, and which we need so much,
And so we weep alone in Shadowland.

—*Annie Grier Callender.*

THE COHESIVE ELEMENTS OF BRITISH IMPERIALISM.

BY ALLEYNE IRELAND.*

On June 22nd, 1897, Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated throughout the British Empire. As her Majesty left Buckingham Palace to take part in that magnificent procession which marched through the streets of London to the accompaniment of the frenzied applause of three millions of people, she touched an electric button, and forthwith there went out to every part of the British dominions a message—to glaring, sun-scorched Aden, to the sweet, green slopes of Barbados, to the lands where the Southern Cross hangs right overhead, to the wide waste lands flushed by the Northern Lights—a simple message of greeting, "From my heart I thank my beloved people. May God bless them."

I was in British Guiana at the time, and heard the Governor of the Colony read the Queen's message in a public place to a large crowd of colonists.

Now, the point is this: Why should that crowd of negroes, coolies, Portuguese, and half-breeds have given itself up to the most enthusiastic expressions of delight? Why should there have been such a throwing up of caps, such a cheering and hurrahing, such a lusty singing of the national anthem? Why, later in the day, should many thousands of people in that little out-of-the-way colony close under the Line have gathered in and around the cathedral to offer up their heart-felt thanks to God that a monarch whom they had never seen should have been spared to rule for sixty years in an island whose shores they had never visited? Why should the crowd which gathered round the Queen's statue that afternoon to hear the school-children sing "God Save the Queen" have been moved with one accord to join their voices to the childish anthem, until the song became a chorus, the chorus a joyful tumult? Why, when the swift tropical night had fallen, could I look out across the land and see glowing everywhere amidst the palms and the bread-fruit trees, shining from the thickets of oleanders and hibiscus, in every house and hut, a lantern, or at least a candle, alight by way of rejoicing?

Why? The answer would fill volumes; it would be a history of British colonization. But, apart from matters of sentiment or emotion, there are so many things to be accounted for in the British colonies that there should be some interest even in a most brief and inadequate survey of the cohesive factors of British imperialism. For instance, I might continue my questionings in another direction, thus: Why do we find in the annals of the negro colonies of Great Britain no record of outrages on white women? Why is the page unstained by the story of a lynching? Why do we find a mulatto occupying the high office of Chief Justice in a British colony having a population of twenty thousand whites? Why do we see the negro freely permitted to cast his vote in a British colony in which he forms a majority of the electorate? Why is the majority of the legislature in such a colony composed of coloured men, the white population quietly acquiescing in the arrangement?

The statements implied in the foregoing questions indicate the existence of strong elements of cohesion in the British Empire. What are those elements? To deal only with the more obvious ones, it seems to me that we must claim predominance for four distinct factors—the high sense of personal loyalty to the sovereign, the absolute incorruptibility of British justice, the swift and strong executive power behind the colonial administrators, and the universal honesty and almost universal efficiency of the British Colonial Civil Service.

As regards the first, it is impossible for any one who has not lived in the British colonies to realize what a mighty force

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*[We have pleasure in presenting this stirring paper, abridged from the New York *Outlook* for December 30th, 1899, with the following note by the Editor of that periodical.—EDITOR METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.]

Mr. Ireland is a native of Manchester, England. His father was Alexander Ireland, the proprietor of the Manchester *Examiner and Times*, and the friend and biographer of Ralph Waldo Emerson. His mother was the author of the "Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle." He was educated at the Manchester Grammar School, and subsequently studied at Berlin University. During the past twelve years Mr. Ireland has spent most of his time in the British Colonies. He lived for three years in Australia, and later spent seven years in the West Indies and in South America. Mr. Ireland has recently published a volume on "Tropical Colonization," and has in the press a volume on "The Anglo-Boer Conflict."

this loyalty is. I have seen a man almost torn to pieces for refusing to drink the Queen's health at a banquet in Melbourne; I have seen a drunken French sailor in St. Lucia soundly thrashed by a negro porter for spitting on a picture of the Queen in an illustrated paper. One must understand that there exists throughout the British colonies that sentiment which in these days is driving London wild over the abominable and vile attacks made on the Queen by the French "yellow press." It is in neglecting to count in this element of personal devotion to the sovereign throughout the colonies that Continental Europe falls into an absurd error when it congratulates itself on the smallness of the British army.

It may be said that the feeling is ridiculous, that it is incapable of bearing a logical examination. What if the Queen dies? What if we get a sovereign who is unworthy of the throne? Why should all these millions have any such feelings for a woman whom they have never seen? Such questions are idle. We may not be able to explain this loyalty on any scientific theory; but there is the fact. That the Queen must some day die we English realize with sad hearts. I, for one, am proud to be able to say that I know no Englishman who would not cheerfully lay down his life that hers might be spared a while longer. But after her death we shall be bound together as closely by our common grief as during her life by our common love.

I have placed loyalty to the Queen first among the cohesive elements of British imperialism because the other factors which I have named are intimately associated with her reign, and are to a large extent the product of her influence.

Of the incorruptibility of British justice in England there is, I believe, a very general recognition. That the same quality marks British justice in the colonies, and more particularly that it is a characteristic of its administration in those colonies where the inhabitants belong to the inferior races, is not, I think, so universally appreciated. An instance which is instructive occurred last year in one of the West Indian islands. The Administrator of the island, the highest resident official, a man who had been in the British service for many years, committed a violent assault upon a negro. The negro sued the Administrator before a magistrate, and obtained a conviction against him. There was no attempt to hush the matter up, and the Administrator stood convicted before the whole community. The outcome was that the official was dismissed from the colonial service.

I could quote a score of cases which passed under my notice in which common negro or coolie labourers have secured verdicts against some of the most prominent white men in their communities.

At any rate, here is a great cohesive element—the absolute conviction in the minds of the masses that under British rule the highest official, the most powerful civilian, holds no advantage under the law over the meanest peasant or the poorest labourer.

To one acquainted with the judicial system in the British tropical colonies it is not surprising that this confidence should prevail.

All judicial appointments are made by the Crown, and only those men who have undergone a legal training and have been called to the Bar in one of the Inns of Court in London are eligible. But if a man possesses this qualification, no consideration of colour or creed is allowed to weigh for or against him. Several instances are within my knowledge of negroes in humble positions in the British West Indies who have saved up their earnings in order to send a son to England to study for the Bar, and have lived to see such a son appointed to a magistracy.

All appointments to the judiciary in the British colonies are for life or during good behaviour; and although it is most unusual for any judicial officer to so conduct himself as to merit dismissal, such cases have occurred on rare occasions and the officer has been promptly dismissed from the service. A case occurs to my mind in which the Chief Justice of British Guiana, some time during the seventies, was dismissed from his office after a Government Commission had inquired into certain charges made against him by the colonists. The circumstance has a double interest, in that the dismissal followed the recommendation of a Commission composed of fellow-officials of the Chief Justice.

No judge or magistrate in the British colonies is allowed to engage in any occupation of any kind outside the exercise of his judicial functions, and the title "judge" belongs only to those officials who are actually in active service on the bench. If the result is that we appear somewhat scantily supplied with "judges," the custom has obvious advantages by way of compensation.

The salaries of the judges are high, and place them entirely beyond the necessity of possessing private means. For in-

stance, the Chief Justice of British Guiana, a colony with a population of 280,000, receives a salary of $10,000, and the puisne judges receive $7,500 each.

An excellent rule is observed in the appointment of colonial judges, namely, that connection with a colony by birth, family ties, or otherwise, disqualifies a man for appointment in that particular colony. This rule, it may be added, applies only to the higher fiscal appointments.

The strength of the executive power vested in the local authorities thoughout the British colonies has served to mould the character of the lower races under British rule. Absolute freedom of speech is allowed in all the British colonies. You may convene public meetings for the purpose of calling the Governor an ass and a popinjay; you may write columns in the newspapers advocating all sorts of violence (except in India, where the circumstances are peculiar). The authorities will look on and smile indulgently. But start a riot, commit violence, destroy property, and, hey, presto! the line is crossed, and down comes the strong hand. And it is to be noted—*first*, the violence is stopped; *then*, when all is quiet again, the inquiry takes place, the blame is fixed, and the civil law takes its course. It took England many, many years to learn this first simple lesson in the psychology of control; and volumes might be written containing nothing but the record of those unhappy experiences through which this wisdom was attained. Now the character of the people is being moulded under the continued pressure of the consistent policy of "Talk all you will, but no violence." As the children in our tropical colonies grow to manhood and pass on to old age, they are unable to find precedents which justify a hope that violence may go unpunished or that crime may go undetected. And when they observe that it is not only the black man who is held back from violence, but that the white man also must stay his hand in fear of the consequences, the strong confidence in the righteousness of British rule is borne in upon the natives, and we have another cohesive element in our empire.

Before passing to the British Colonial Civil Service, I may digress for a moment in order to point out the wisdom of England in adopting several different forms of government in her Empire. It is true that this policy affords the world the curious spectacle of such widely diverse systems as the democratic rule in the United Kingdom and the autocratic Crown Colony government existing under one flag; but it is in facing the fact that democratic institutions are not suited for all men, instead of trying to fit the facts to a preconceived theory to the contrary, that England has shown her good sense.

Thus we find all the British colonies in which the population is of English stock enjoying complete self-government. In these colonies the Crown has no power to levy taxes or to decide in what manner the revenue must be expended. The legislature is elected by the people, and the only appointment within the gift of the Crown is the Governorship. It is interesting to note that all the British colonies enjoying complete self-government lie outside the tropics.

The colonies within the tropics are governed under one or another of two systems—the Crown Colony system, or the system under which there exist representative institutions without responsible government.

The former system places the affairs of the colony in the hands of trained officials who are under the immediate control of the Colonial Office, and it possesses this advantage, that the administrators are free from local prejudice and are unhampered by the constant antagonism of local elected assemblies.

The latter system is more liberal in spirit, for it enables the people of the colony to voice their sentiments through their representatives in the local legislatures, and places in the hands of the popular body the raising of taxes and the granting of the civil list.

In the tropical colonies enjoying representative institutions voters are required to have a property qualification; but no distinction of race or colour is made, and in several of these colonies the majority of the electorate consists of coloured men. As the coloured man has his vote in fact as well as on paper, it is not unusual to see a majority of the elected members of a local legislature coloured men.

But the colonial system of Great Britain would be a miserable failure, despite the good intentions of the Home Government, were it not that the administrative work is in the hands of honest and capable men.

The honesty of the civil servants in Greater Britain is attested by the fact that during the past twenty years there have not been brought to light a dozen cases of official corruption in the higher branches of the service, which administers the affairs of about 400,000,000 people. Although the efficiency of the service is of a high order, I do not think it is equal

to its honesty ; but the system is worked in the manner best calculated to secure men of ability, and the course of training insures the development of the best powers that lie in a man.

A youth enters the service in some humble capacity, and is moved about freely from one part of the Empire to another. By the time he reaches a post of responsibility he has accumulated an amount of experience in administrative work which enables him to face his duties with a wholesome conviction that he can honourably acquit himself. He has his life's work before him. He knows that promotion lies in his own hands, that when the Colonial Office is considering his advancement it will not ask, What is this man's colour ? What are his politics ? but simply, What is this man's working record ?

The service offers high salaries, permanence of appointment, liberal provisions for leave, a pension or provision for widows and orphans, and unlimited scope for the realization of all reasonable ambitions. This being so, it is easy to understand that men of a high type are eager to enter the examinations for Civil Service appointments, and that consequently the Government has a wide range of selection.

The *morale* of the service is high, for, in addition to the ordinary motives which guide gentlemen in their actions, the conviction is present in the mind of each member that, if he so conduct himself as to bring discredit on the honourable service to which he belongs, no influence will save him from dismissal. One of the strongest cohesive factors in the British Empire is the belief which exists among all classes that, whatever may be the mistakes of policy, whatever the blunders of local officials, the money paid for the expenses of government is expended for the public good, and does not go into the pockets of the rulers.

The spirit which animates the Colonial Service of Great Britain is that of a true realization of the beauty and excellence of honest work, of satisfaction in obstacles overcome, of joy in the accomplished thing.

Were the guiding Genius of British Imperialism to address the youth setting out on his career as a colonial servant, we may imagine her saying : "Go to the man with whom you have to deal, learn his language, study his habits, enter into his life, understand his superstitions, rejoice with him, mourn with him, heal his sick, respect his dead, stand by his side in work and in play, in health and in sickness. And as time passes your work will become a tradition, a tradition by which the natives will measure every new man and by which every new man will measure his work. And when you have taught the natives that you are not with him to make money out of him, to wean him from his gods, to oppress him and ill-use him, and when he has taught you to understand the strange workings of his heart, to sympathize with the ever-present conflict within him of strong emotions and a weak will, you will reap that reward which cannot be measured by any standard—the knowledge that as a man you have gone out into the waste places of the earth and done man's work."

After this article had gone to the printer news arrived of serious reverses to British arms in South Africa. The British Empire is on trial before the whole world, and we see all the British colonies eager to afford assistance to the mother country in the time of her need. The question which is being settled is whether England is powerful enough to protect her subjects throughout the world, whether there is or is not any significance to the expression, "Civis Britannicus sum." My own feeling is that England has never been called on to face a situation so full of dangerous possibilities, and that now is the time when the moral fibre of the British Empire is to be put to the test. It will be seen whether the cohesive elements of British Imperialism are powerful enough to preserve the unity of the Empire in such a crisis as this, when almost the whole of Europe is rejoicing over the temporary failure of British military power, when the foe she is fighting is encouraged and assisted by the presence and advice of European military experts. For my part, I have no fear as to the ultimate issue of the present conflict. Despite the hostility of Europe, nay, even should that hostility take the form of intervention, the day has not come when the magnificent edifice of British Imperialism, with all that it means for humanity, civilization, and progress, is to clatter to the ground like a house of cards.

The fire i' the flint shows not till it be struck. . . .
Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.—*Shakespeare.*

THE BIBLE UNDER HIGHER CRITICISM.

This is emphatically a book for the times. It treats topics of intense current interest—topics of which every one speaks, but about which many have only an imperfect knowledge. The very name, "Higher Criticism," is thought by many to express a sort of superior authority over the views which have until recently been almost universally held with regard to the Scriptures. It is assumed that a special scholarship in the Oriental languages and recent discoveries in archæology have thrown a great deal of new light upon the subject of the sources from which the Bible is derived. Dr. Dewart, in this book, freely admits the service rendered to the Bible by profound scholarship. The results of this have been brought within the reach of the wayfaring man by the most eminent biblical scholars in the world in the Revised Version of the Old and New Testament. He shows, too, that the discoveries of Oriental archæology, the deciphering of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, and of the cuneiform literature of Nineveh and Babylon give amplest evidence of the copious and learned literature at a period long before Moses, when many of the higher critics assert the art of writing was unknown.

This is a book for plain men, who know no language but their own. It shows that biblical scholars, equally learned with the higher critics, refuse to accept their negative theories. The book is written with all the old-time strength and clearness of one of the ablest thinkers on biblical topics in the Dominion of Canada. It is the result of many years of study on these important problems. Dr. Dewart is not a man who lags behind the times in which we live. He writes with a full knowledge of the most advanced biblical criticism. This book is the result of the ripened wisdom of its author.

Dr. Dewart says: "I have not written this volume with any thought of opposing the free criticism of the Bible; but with a humble hope that, in spite of my imperfect treatment of the subject, the facts and arguments submitted, and especially the judgments of eminent conservative scholars, may be the means of preventing unprejudiced readers from accepting unverified theories about the Old Testament, which tend to weaken and undermine faith in the truth and divine authority of the Holy Scriptures."

The following is a partial *résumé* of the scope of this volume, abridged from its last chapter.

"The relation of these critical theories, about the Old Testament, to the infallible authority and divine character of the Lord Jesus Christ is a matter the most serious in its consequences. If the conception of the Old Testament set forth in the teaching of our Lord and His apostles be thrust aside as erroneous, to make way for the modern development theory, it is impossible to see how the divine authority of the New Testament can be consistently maintained. In the opinion of many competent judges, the way in which the higher critics try to solve Old Testament difficulties creates greater difficulties than those they remove, and requires the acceptance of more unreasonable beliefs than those they reject.

"It will hardly be denied that what has been shown, respecting the questionable methods and contradictory differences of leading higher critics, gives good reasons to distrust writers whose methods of proof are so utterly unscientific.

"If redactors and later writers altered and added to the documents at will, how can our copies of the Scriptures be in a condition that would justify modern critics in being so confident as to what were the original sources?

"The late dates, assigned by these critics to a large portion of the Old Testament, assumes that the period of Israel's greatest national prominence was a barren period, that left comparatively no literary or religious record; and that the period of national decline and enslavement, while their temple and city lay in ruins, was the time of literary and religious fruitfulness.

"Moses, David and Isaiah have been enthroned in history and in the thoughts of men, mainly on the ground of their being the authors of certain sacred writings; but we are asked by the higher critics to believe, without a particle of historic evidence, that these prophets were not the authors of the writings to which they owe their undying renown. In other words, such a Moses and such a

* "The Bible Under Higher Criticism." A Review of Current Evolution Theories about the Old Testament. By the Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price, $1.00.

David and Isaiah as the Old Testament assumes and the Church has believed in, in all ages, must be denied an historic existence, because the theory of Wellhausen and his followers requires the rejection of the historic belief respecting the religion and history of Israel.

"If we accept Canon Cheyne's theory of the Psalms being all of late dates, we must believe that, although David is enshrined in history and tradition as a poet and psalmist, he has left us no poems or psalms. Or, as one has expressed it, 'that the poems David wrote are lost, and that poems not his and not like his, differing essentially from his in character and spiritual grasp, have been universally and from very early times ascribed to him.'

"The critics who teach that the Levitical system was concocted and organized at or after the time of the Babylonian Exile, ask us to believe that, after the great prophets had preached a spiritual religion of truth and righteousness, and according to the higher criticism condemned all sacrifices, such godly leaders as Ezekiel and Ezra and their associates invented and finally established, as laws given by God to Moses, an elaborate system of ritual and sacrifices. Well may Professor Streibert say: 'That this work should be foisted upon the people by Ezra and Nehemiah is simply incredible.'

"Everything that brings out the meaning of the Scriptures should be prized and commended; *but we have seen that the chief work of the evolutionary critics consists in dissecting the books, that have been regarded as connected records written by certain Hebrew prophets, and ascribing fragments of them to different imaginary authors, of whom no one has ever heard; but who are assumed to have written at a late period that renders their statements of doubtful historic value.*

"It has been shown that many eminent professors of the Old Testament language and literature, who stand in the front rank of Oriental scholars, repudiate most of the conclusions of the dissecting critics, who build so largely on what they call internal evidence.

"The advantage of the dissection is by no means clear. As a recent writer has said, 'It is altogether unreasonable to suppose that the mere pulling of the Old Testament Scriptures to pieces, and putting them together again, must of necessity add a vast deal to our comprehension of their contents.' (Lias.) Supposing, for argument sake, that all these conjectural theories about authors and redactors were facts, what great benefit could this bestow? It would be a matter of literary interest, no doubt. But, leaving out of sight the fact that these critical guesses merely give 'a local habitation and a name' to such 'airy' beings as E, ^{2}E, J, ^{2}J, J E, D, P, R ^{2}R, ^{3}R, and all the rest of the redactors which the rationalist theories require, it is by no means clear how this assignment of fragmentary 'sources' adds any elements of spiritual or moral power to the Sacred Writings, or how it would tend to make them exert a mightier religious influence in the future than they have done in the past. We have seen that its tendency is to have a very contrary effect.

"Even if we leave out of sight altogether the very questionable kind of evidence, by which the dissections and conjectural sources are supported, there is not a shadow of reason to believe that the 'Polychrome Bible,' with all its rainbow hues, will give men truer conceptions of God's will, be more potent to quicken the conscience, bring richer messages of peace and pardon to the sorrowing and sinful, or be a mightier life-giving power to the children of men, than the undissected old Bible, whose words of life, from age to age, have been the power of God, making multitudes 'wise unto salvation.'"

"HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL NOT MAKE HASTE."

The aloes grow upon the sand,
  The aloes thirst with parching heat.
Year after year they wait and stand
  Lonely and calm, and front the beat
  Of desert winds, and still a sweet
And subtle voice thrills all their veins:
"Great Patience wins: it still remains,
After a century of pains,
  For you to bloom and be complete."

I grow upon a thorny waste,
  Hot noontide lies on all the way,
And with its scorching breath makes haste
  Each freshening dawn to burn and slay.
  Yet patiently I bide and stay,
Knowing the secret of my fate.
The hour of bloom, dear Lord, I wait,
Come when it will, or soon or late,
  A hundred years is but a day.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

The World's Progress.

ENGLAND IN ADVERSITY.

England, I love thee in adversity,
When thou art up and struggling with the Fates,
Then dead as dust are all our old debates,
And every one sees clear and eye to eye.
Like scattered petals dead our pleasures lie,
And we put off from us our careless pride
Follies and luxuries we cast aside
And stand all adamant to do and die.
Round the old Mother fight her sons from far:
Fight for one Empire and one ancient race,
One freedom—of long years our polar star.
One is our duty, one were our disgrace,
And he that fails or falters in the war
Let him not look his Mother in the face.

—*The Chronicle.*

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS,

Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in South Africa.

The world does not seem to have made much progress during the last month. Affairs in South Africa seem to be at an *impasse*. There is a feeling, however, that the nation is on the verge of a tremendous crisis. The opposing forces on the Tugela, British and Boer, are like two thunder-clouds gathering electricity for a fearful storm. Many a gallant British head will lie low, many a brave Boer will fire his last shot. It is like the physical paradox, the meeting of an irresistible force and an immovable obstacle. It is a conflict between 17th century absolutism armed with 19th century weapons, and the highest civilization, constitutional liberty and "equal rights for all." However long, however deadly may be the conflict, there can be but one issue. The hands go not back on the dial of time. The world cannot retrace its yesterdays. The 20th century is the dawn of wider liberties, of broader rights of man, of a higher Christian civilization than the oligarchy and despotism and oppression of the Boers.

"Our Bobs."

Lord Roberts, the new commander-in-chief of the British forces in South Africa, was born at Cawnpore, Sept. 30, 1832. He is a son of Gen. Sir Abraham Roberts. He was educated at Clifton, Eton, Sandhurst and Addiscombe, entered the Bengal artillery in 1851; was at the siege of Delhi and took active part in the subsequent operations down to the relief of Lucknow, winning the Victoria Cross in 1858. In the Afghan war, in 1878, Roberts, now major-general, forced the Afghan position on Peiwar Kotul and was made K.C.B. (1879). On Aug. 9, 1880, Sir Frederick Roberts set out with 10,000 troops on his memorable march through Afghanistan to the relief of Kandahar. Three weeks later he reached it and completely routed Ayub Khan. In 1881, then a baronet, he was appointed commander-in-chief in India. Created Lord Roberts of Kandahar and Waterford in 1892, he became field-marshal and commander-in-chief in Ireland in 1895. He published "The Rise of Wellington" (1895) and "Forty-one Years in India" (1897). The latter was a phenomenal success.

GENERAL LORD PAUL SANFORD METHUEN,

Commander of British Forces for the Relief of Kimberley.

An Heroic Defence.

At the hour of deepest depression the heroic victory of Sir George White and his beleaguered garrison at Ladysmith revived the noblest traditions of British valour and stirred the pulse of patriotic pride throughout the empire. Stormed at with shot and shell, assailed from every side of an ever-narrowing circle, the British drove back at every point the Boers and their mercenary allies, though at a fearful cost of 420 killed and wounded. The Boers have found to their cost that it is a difficult task, even with threefold odds, to force British entrenchments at Ladysmith, Kimberley or Mafeking. The nation must have patience with General Buller and not stampede him into frontal attack on Boer lines studded with artillery and deadly rifles. They should remember how Wellington, with vastly inferior numbers and equipment, kept Massena at bay for half a year at Torres Vedras. The chief cause of the Boers' success is the mobility of their troops. They seem more at home on horseback than on foot. With their shorter lines of internal defence they have vastly the advantage of the infantry on the outside of the ring fence, where on every kopje and behind every boulder the Boers lie concealed.

Misplaced Sympathy.

A good deal of needless sympathy has been wasted on the Boers. They have been described as a tiny republic of simple farmer-folk battling for very existence against an almost all-powerful empire. The Boers are not so simple after all. Mr. J. C. Freund, whose name seems to indicate German origin, editor of the *New York Trade Journal*, says: "President Kruger himself stated, since the war began, that he had been preparing for this for the last twenty years, and that if England wanted the two republics she would have to pay a price that would stagger humanity. It is an open secret that the finest engineering and artillery officers in the French and German armies are with the Boers; that there are at least 20,000 to 30,000 mercenaries of all nationalities fighting for the Boers. This accounts for the size of the Boer armies, their splendid artillery and the engineering skill and consummate generalship they are displaying. Can you not see how the Boers are being used by the nations that hate England, because they are jealous of her supremacy and success? And what better means could these nations take to injure and, if possible, cripple her, than, while avoiding an open rupture, to strike at her over the shoulders of the Boers?"

It is Great Britain that has been forced by Kruger's insolent ultimatum to enter into war unprepared, while negotiating and hoping for peace. By fraud and guile and treachery, by false manifests, even since the war began, vast stores of Krupp and Creusot guns have been smuggled into the Transvaal as mining

GENERAL GATACRE.

machinery and the like. "The boastful statement," says the *Central Christian Advocate*, "that at Pretoria are eight thousand foreigners waiting as a reserve force the coming of the British, is enough to make England anxious lest she be fighting the whole world in South Africa, instead of the two Boer Republics."

The "barbaric yawp" of the venal foreign press is largely explained also by the secret service money wrung from the Uitlanders, and so skilfully applied by Dr. Leyds. Hating each other most cordially,

KAISER PAUL'S RECEPTION.

these foreign journals are for the moment united by a common hatred of Britain. If there be truth in the ancient proverb "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished," a Nemesis certainly awaits the authors of this treacherous conspiracy.

Kaiser Paul.

For such a simple-minded patriarch Paul Kruger assumes a deal of state. His salary is nearly as great as that of the President of the United States, and the pomp and circumstance with which he surrounds himself vastly greater. He never moves, even from his bungalow to his office, without a cavalry escort. He imitates, too, the social functions of the capitals of Europe, and, although he has never learned some of the social amenities, as, for instance, the use of a handkerchief, he emulates the social state of at least a kaiser or a king.

Nemesis for Wrong.

A deal has been made of the somewhat hysterical appeal of the clever pro-Boer writer, Olive Schreiner, and of the sympathy of her brother, Premier of Cape Colony, with his Boer kinsfolk. Against this may be placed the solemn appeal of Mrs. Ellis, sister of Olive Schreiner, addressed to all Christian peoples, and claiming that this war is God's vengeance on the Boers for their infamous treatment of the native races. With eloquence inspired by intense convictions she writes as follows:

"If ever there was a war for the Lord of Hosts, if ever there was a war for truth and right, for putting down oppression and wrong, for the deliverance of a people powerless to deliver themselves, this is that war. It is not the grievances of the Uitlanders, though they have been very real and have called for justice; it is not what British subjects have had to suffer of indignities and wrongs, though these have been numerous under the recent Transvaal Administration; it is not the insult to England's power and prestige shown by the refusal to concede her moderate demands for justice to be done to her subjects, followed by the unparalleled act of defiance contained in the Transvaal war ultimatum; it is not these things, however they may justly stir the national heart, which call upon us as Christians to bring the united force of God's people, by the power of believing prayer, to bear upon this war question.

"Let no Christian heart think the immediate events which have led to this war are the chief cause why the life-blood of the British Empire is being poured

out to-day. British soldiers are dying on African soil to-day to put an end to a condition of atrocious wrong, a wrong continued throughout generations, and which apparently nothing but this sacrifice of life could right.

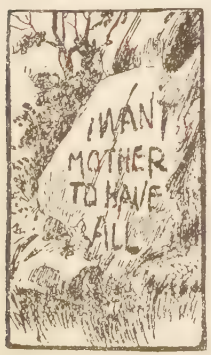
"For over two hundred years the progenitors of the Transvaal Republic and their descendants have crushed, maltreated, and, as far as they had the power to do so, robbed of all rights belonging to them as fellow human beings, the coloured peoples of this land.

"Under Transvaal rule a ceaseless succession of crimes—legislative, social and individual—have been perpetrated upon the helpless natives, both within and beyond the borders of the republic, for whom it has seemed till now there was no possible deliverance. To justice-loving souls who have known of these wrongs it has been like some horrible nightmare that in the nineteenth century, within the limits of a country over part of which waves the British flag, political and social oppression by one race over another was long so grossly practised; to know that on every side individual brutalities were being committed on defenceless victims, and that not by Arab slave drivers or Moslem oppressors, but by a professedly Christian and highly religious people, who, with the Bible in their hands and loud professions of faith in prayers, were practising barbarities, in peace as well as in war, which put to shame the records of what the savages of this land have inflicted, even in war time, upon white races.

"Oh, it has been horrible, beyond words horrible!"

How English Soldiers Make Their Wills.

How does the soldier, killed in battle or fatally wounded, dispose of his property, provided he has any to leave behind him? asks the *Chicago Tribune*. The list of casualties reported regularly from South Africa and the Philippines lends pertinence to the inquiry. Every English soldier has served out to him when he enlists a little volume which contains, among other things, three blank forms of will which he is at liberty to fill out at his leisure. In a majority of cases, however, he pays no attention to this pocket-book and goes into battle with his will still unmade. After he has been hit by a bullet and begins to realize that his chances of getting home are small, the soldier begins to think more carefully of the loved ones left behind him and of the provisions he has made for their comfort. As a result many queer and pathetic wills have been found upon the bodies of dead soldiers, and in every case the wishes of the testator have been respected, and duly carried out. During the Soudan campaign of 1884 the body of one soldier was found on the battlefield of El Teb, who, before death, had scrawled with the end of a lead bullet on the inside of his helmet, the words, "All to my wife." When an English army invaded Afghanistan one soldier was caught while doing scout duty and shot down when none of his comrades were in sight. Weeks afterwards his body was found lying before a tall rock on which he had written in letters of blood: "I want mother to have all." In both cases the war department held the wills to be valid and saw them properly carried out.



Exit Khalifa.

In the meanwhile Britain's civilizing mission goes on in the Soudan. That monster of cruelty, the fanatical Khalifa, has met his just doom. It was significant that it was a little army of Egyptian troops, whom "Sergeant What's-his-name" had drilled into discipline, with only a handful of British officers, that caused the final overthrow of the darkest despotism that ever cursed even Central Africa. Egged on by French and Russian mischief makers, King Menelik of Abyssinia would doubtless like to lay claim to part of the Soudan, but the visit to his capital of Lord Napier of Magdala and the British army, will doubtless make him slow to be a catspaw for the enemies of England.

Religious Intelligence.

THE LATE DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Dwight L. Moody.

The most conspicuous event of the month in the religious world has been the passing of the greatest evangelist of the century, Dwight L. Moody. No man was more familiar to the public of two continents than this great lay preacher. No man of our times so won the love and confidence and loyal service of those with whom he was associated. His record is a striking illustration of the power of God to use the seemingly weak things of this world for grandest purposes. As an uncouth, stammering boy, Moody was told that he could best serve God by keeping silence. But his heart was full of love for souls. He went into the highways and by-ways, compelling the roughs and toughs and tramps to come to the gospel feast. God became to him in the quaint old phrase, "mouth, matter and wisdom." No man was ever permitted to address so many millions of his fellow creatures,—not less, it is affirmed, than a hundred million souls,—or to lead so many into the kingdom of God's grace.

What was the secret of this man's success? First, his utter and unfaltering faith. He believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. He asked for the conversion of tens of thou-

sands of souls, and God answered his prayer. Second, his large and generous sympathy. He loved his fellow men with an intense, consuming ardour. No one could hear him pleading with men to come to God, exhorting, warning, entreating them with a brother's tenderness, without being deeply moved. As in the case of the Great Teacher, the common people heard him gladly. Third, his consecrated common-sense. He was a man of marvellous shrewdness, of great executive ability, a born leader of men. He arranged his evangelistic services as a great general would a campaign. He had them thoroughly organized and his strong will dominated the entire movement.

Untaught in the schools, he was deeply taught of God. He was a man of one Book. He had no questionings as to its Divine authority. The old, old Gospel, he felt, was still the power of God unto salvation. Yet he was not narrow in his sympathies. He won the enthusiastic love of such men as Professor Henry Drummond and Professor Adam Smith, men from whose theological position he differed by the whole heaven. Yet he gladly solicited their aid and they gladly gave him loyal support. Uncultured, and at times almost uncouth, with strident voice, with occasional ungrammatical phrase, without the arts of oratory, Moody absorbed the attention of listening thousands, and won the co-operation and love of the learned, the gifted and the cultured. Said one of these in London, "We are glad to be his door-keepers, or even his door-mats."

His Vein of Genius.

There was a vein of genius in the man that made his winged words like barbed arrows. For instance, speaking of this feature, Professor Drummond says, "In sheer persuasiveness Mr. Moody has few equals, and rugged as his preaching may seem to some, there is in it a pathos of a quality which few orators have ever reached, an appealing tenderness which not only wholly redeems it, but raises it, not unseldom, almost to sublimity. No report can do the faintest justice to this or to the other most characteristic qualities of his public speech, but here is a specimen taken almost at random: 'I can imagine when Christ said to the little band around him, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel,' Peter said, 'Lord, do you really mean that we are to go back to Jerusalem and preach the Gospel to those men that murdered you?' 'Yes,' said Christ, 'go, hunt up that man who spat in my face, tell him he may have a seat in my kingdom yet. Yes, Peter, go find that man that made that cruel crown of thorns and placed it on my brow, and tell him I will have a crown ready for him when he comes into my kingdom, and there will be no thorns in it. Hunt up that man that took a reed and brought it down over the cruel thorns, driving them into my brow, and tell him I will put a sceptre in his hand, and he shall rule over the nations of the earth, if he will accept salvation. Search for the man that drove the spear into my side, and tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that. Tell him I forgive him freely, and that he can be saved if he will accept salvation as a gift.'"

"Tell him there is a nearer way to my heart than that"—prepared or impromptu, what dramatist could surpass the touch?

It was in the inner circle of his intimate friends and in the privacy of domestic life that his most genial characteristics were shown. He knew the power of sacred song, and attributed his success very largely to the pathos and persuasive power of the singing of his comrade in his holy crusade, Ira D. Sankey. He was one of the most unselfish men. The royalties on the Moody and Sankey hymns would have made him a millionaire, but he absolutely refused to touch a penny from them, devoting the whole to his mission work. The sum of $4,000 was offered to him as a tribute of gratitude for his marvellous work in Glasgow, but he refused to accept it, requesting that it be sent to his friend, Major Whittle, for mission work in Chicago. It was only by stratagem that he was induced to accept the home given himself and his mother at Northfield.

Of late years he devoted much energy to establishing a Bible Institute at Chicago and a Seminary and Training School at Northfield. At these 1,100 students are trained in Christian culture and Christian service. The land and endowment at Chicago exceed in value $250,000; at Northfield the plant consists of 1,200 acres of land and about thirty buildings. For the maintenance of these the annual cost was $125,000. This was largely raised by Mr. Moody's personal efforts. The trustees of these institutions ask for an endowment of $3,000,000 to carry on the great work he has begun.

At Crisis.

Almighty God, our strength and shield,
We bend the hand, we bow the knee,

Before the awful glimpse revealed
Of what our future yet may be.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Afar, across the tropic sea,
Within our grasp an empire lies;
Though all unsunned by liberty,
Its gold-gleams daze our startled eyes;
The wish for power, gain, glory—all
New-roused within our souls appal.

Let thoughts and deeds more solemn grow,
And eyes begin to question eyes;
Teach thou bewildered minds to know
Wherein the course of wisdom lies.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide;
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

Let vaunt and boast and triumph cease,
The war-won glories fade away;
Now come the harder strifes of peace—
It is the time for men to pray.
Lord God, the God of nations, guide!
Be thou our strength, whate'er betide.

—*Francis Whitmarsh.*

The accompanying verses, though written with reference to the new Imperialism of the United States, are no less appropriate for the Motherland in this time of stress and strain. There is a difference of opinion as to how God's judgments are to be interpreted or understood. There can be no difference of opinion, however, as to the duty of earnest prayer to Almighty God, the confession of sin, and an earnest consecration to nobler living, personal and national. Our good Queen, in harmony with the pious instincts of her soul, calls for a day of humiliation and prayer. The bishops of the National Church repeat the appeal. Dr. Fairbairn, perhaps the leading voice of the Nonconformist conscience, joins in the appeal. The President of the Wesleyan Conference adds his authority. The ex-President, Hugh Price Hughes, affirms that it is not a day for humiliation, but of glad thanksgiving for the outburst of love and loyalty throughout the empire. "If God be chastening us," he says, "it is because Great Britain did not go to war for the succour of the Armenians three years ago." This, it seems to us, is being wise above what is written. We do not claim for Britain immunity from mistake and even from wrong. It is a time to humble ourselves beneath the mighty hand of God, to ask his pardon for our national sins and offences, to supplicate his guidance and his grace. No more appropriate prayer for the present hour can we find than the closing words of Kipling's "Recessional":

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard
All valiant dust that builds on dust
And guarding calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord. Amen."

A Methodist Chaplain Appointed.

We are glad that a Methodist chaplain, the Rev. W. G. Lane, of Parrsboro', N.S., is to accompany the second Canadian contingent to the seat of war. Mr. Lane, says the *Guardian*, has already had experience in the army, having been chaplain of the British garrison at St. Lucia. Of his qualifications for the work, the president of the Nova Scotia Conference, Rev. Eben E. England, in sending on his application to the General Superintendent, wrote: "He is specially qualified in every respect—strong, physically—acquainted with military ways and life—and one who is popular with men—ready and can adapt himself to every

REV. W. G. LANE.

kind of work." The following quotation, from a letter to Dr. Carman from Mr. Lane, reveals the spirit in which the Methodist chaplain approaches his work: "I feel keenly that the Methodist Church in this Dominion ought not to lack in loyalty to the Queen, and, also, it ought to look after the spiritual interests of many of our members who are risking much in volunteering at this crisis. We must range up not only alongside, but ahead of other Churches in our duty to God and our country." Ten Methodist ministers volunteered as chaplains. No class in the community are more loyal to Queen and country than the people called Methodists.

The "Pious" Boers.

There are doubtless many who go forth for the succour of their country in this time of trial in the spirit of the old Ironsides and Covenanters. There are in the British army 25,000 declared Methodists, and many thousands more as God-fearing as they. There are doubtless those, like the gallant Colonel Hutchinson, who pray, "O God, though I forget Thee in the hour of conflict, do not Thou forget me." But there are also those who rush like the unthinking horse into the battle. The chanting of the jingo songs of the music-hall is not the evidence of the highest patriotism. The conquering legions of the Protestant hero, Gustavus Adolphus, sang as their marching song, "A mighty fortress is our God." The British soldier is not one to make broad his phylacteries, or to pray standing at the corner of the street. But, we doubt not, many an earnest prayer goes up to the God of battles as these brave men march bravely to their doom. We do not think that all the piety is monopolized by the Boers. Many of them, we have no doubt, are God-fearing men, many others are coarse and treacherous, and their record as a race is one of oppression, cruelty and wrong to the native races.

Progress of the Churches.

It has been affirmed that the Christian Churches in the United States are losing ground. The *Independent* investigates the case, with the following results: The census of 1890 gave a total population of 62,622,250, a gain in the decade of about 12,000,000. The present population is estimated at 70,000,000, a gain of 8,000,000, or thirteen per cent. The church membership of 1890 was 20,612,806, the present membership is 27,710,004, a gain of over 7,000,000, or thirty-four per cent. That is, the church membership has increased more than two and a half times as fast as the population. The givings of the decade exhibit also a very remarkable increase.

Dr. Hartzell, the Methodist Episcopalian Bishop of Africa, is loud in his praises of Cecil Rhodes. He has received generous co-operation and aid in his mission work. When a town was removed six miles to a railway junction, Rhodes gave the Bishop the whole town site, embracing a group of buildings and several thousand acres of land worth $100,000.

In an article on Bishop Thoburn's appeal for a forward movement in revival and missions, the *Western Christian Advocate* says: "Methodism is equal to the task he would have it undertake. Multitudes of pastors and hosts of men and women in our pews, and a great body of eager young people in the League, would rejoice to follow apt leaders in such a campaign. A movement like this would fitly mark the departure of the nineteenth century and the inauguration of the twentieth. It would afford instant scope and opportunity for those who in great numbers in our churches are inactive because no one has indicated to them a sphere in which they can be useful. Under its impetus and inspiration the whole denomination would be lifted to a higher plane of living, would be 'roused to a new life, inspired with a new spirit, filled with new courage, and led forward to assured victory.'"

Noah Phelps.

Thousands of summer visitors to Grimsby Park will hear with profound regret that they shall no more see the figure of good Noah Phelps on the platform. For over thirty years he has been identified with the old camp-ground, and for over half a century was one of the prominent figures in business and religious circles in the Niagara Peninsula. He was a veteran local preacher, a stalwart temperance pioneer, a man mighty in prayer, a man of great executive ability. His long and busy life was devoted to the glory of God and the higher interest of his fellow men.

Dr. Crowle.

The last time we saw Dr. Crowle, of Markham, was at the General Conference of 1898. Though long an invalid, he bore his weight of years with fortitude and maintained his intense interest in the Church to which he had devoted the energies of a long life. As a high-school master successive generations of Canadian youth passed under his formative influence, not a few of whom reached important positions in the Church and in the State. Dr. Crowle was in his eighty-first year when he entered into rest. Dr. Robert Hall, racked with pain and worn with toil, used to say that he was greatly in need of the resurrection. So also, for similar reasons, was our venerable brother. Thank God for the prospect of the immortal youth, the unwearying energy of the soul in the Father's house on high.

Book Notices.

The Lieutenant-Governors of Upper Canada and Ontario, 1792-1899. By D. B. Read, Q.C., author of "The Life of Governor Simcoe," "The Lives of the Judges," "The Life and Times of Sir Isaac Brock," "The Rebellion of 1837," etc. With 22 full-page portraits by J. E. Laughlin. Toronto: William Briggs, Wesley Buildings, 1900. 8vo, pp. 257. Price, $2.00.

Mr. Read has rendered important service to the history of his native Province by this volume. From the time of Plutarch the most interesting and instructive mode of teaching history has been by recounting the lives of the world's great men. This gives a human and personal interest to the narrative that the more formal annals of history do not possess. Mr. Read was personally acquainted with a large number of the Lieutenant-Governors whose characters he here sketches. This lends additional value to this volume.

In reviewing this book one cannot but be impressed with the fact that Britain gave of her best for the founding, defence, and development of this Province. They were men of mark, were those makers of early Canada—men of wide culture and large experience; men from Eton and Oxford; men of old historic families; men of wide military experience; men who had won name and fame in Britain's wars in the Low Countries, in Egypt and Italy, the Peninsula, and at Waterloo, and in other hard-fought campaigns; men who had experience with civil government in Honduras, Bombay, in the British Cabinet; and more recently, men who were born and bred in Canada, who had built their lives into its social and political fabric.

It is a record, on the whole, of which, notwithstanding the tactical mistakes of Sir Francis Bond Head, we may all be proud. It is a bead-roll of high-minded, honourable men, whose story is here given. A feature of unique interest is the twenty-two portraits, many of them from rare sources, with which the book is embellished. One of immediate interest is that of the sturdy Britisher, our present Lieutenant-Governor, who has been Premier of a British Province longer than any other man, and to whom this volume is gracefully dedicated.

Builders of Nova Scotia. An Historical Review. With an appendix containing copies of rare documents relating to the early days of the Province. By Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., Lit.D. (Laval). Author of "The Story of Canada" (Nations' Series), "Cape Creton and its Memorials of the French Regime," "How Canada is Governed," etc. With numerous portraits and other illustrations. Royal octavo, cloth, pp. x–189–vi, with a special design by the Canadian artist, J. W. L. Forster, A.R.C.A. Price, $1.50.

In this handsome volume Sir John Bourinot renders another important service to his native country. Sir John's previous large quarto volume on Cape Breton is an admirable and authoritative monograph on that historic island. His "Parliamentary Procedure and Government in Canada," a large and costly work of nearly a thousand pages, has reached its second edition, a cogent proof of its unique value. "The Builders of Nova Scotia" comprises the results of the studies and investigations of years. It pays a generous tribute to those men who laid broad and deep the foundations of British institutions in that Province. It records the heroism and fidelity of the United Empire Loyalists, who for love of the old flag under which they were born left their homes in the revolted colonies for the faithful northern Province. It records with appreciation the establishment of the great Churches which gave the sanctions and safeguards of religion to the secular institutions of the country. It recites many genial reminiscences of eminent Nova Scotians for over forty years.

It is remarkable how many men eminent as statesmen, as divines, as authors, as soldiers, Nova Scotia has produced. We have here graphic sketches, in many cases accompanied by portraits, of Hon. J. Uniacke, Judge Haliburton, Sir Samuel Cunard, Sir William Young, Hon. J. J. Marshall, Sir A. G. Archibald, Hon. Joseph Howe, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, Sir W. F. Williams of Kars, Sir J. E. W. Inglis of Lucknow, Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal Grant, Pres. Schurman, Chancellor Wallace, Prof. Welton, ex-Chancellor Rand, and others.

Few nobler episodes are recorded in history than that of the exile from the revolted provinces of the United Empire Loyalists. "We may fairly estimate," says Sir John Bourinot, "that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women and children were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world." Of this number between thirty and forty thousand people came to the Provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The British Parliament voted them an allowance of nearly sixteen million dollars, besides considerable annuities, land grants and the like. The following verses on the U. E. Loyalists, by Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley, now a resident of British Columbia, are quoted by Sir John Bourinot, from *Longman's Magazine* for June, 1897:

"They left the homes of their fathers, by
sorrow and love made sweet;
Halls that had rung a hundred years to
the tread of their people's feet;
The farms they had carved from the
forest where the maples and pine-
trees meet.

"He left his years of manhood, he left his
place of pride;
And she, she left the little room where
her first baby died.
Ah, God, how each familiar thing to that
fond mother cried.

"The rebels held our homesteads; 'Ours'
laid them down in the moss.
The world was loud with their triumph;
the woods were dumb with our loss.
They sat on the throne as victors; the
throne of our love was a cross.

"'Mid slow, soft-footed things that creep
at the edge of the eve and dawn,
The women went with their young ones,
as a doe goes by with her fawn,
While the men they loved went on before,
guns ready and sabres drawn.

"They passed down the silent rivers which
flow to the mighty lake;
They left what they'd made for England
(but those who have made can make),
And founded a new Dominion for God and
their country's sake."

In the story of the Churches a generous tribute is paid to that in which the readers of this magazine are specially interested. A portrait and sketch of Bishop Black, the heroic Methodist pioneer, also of Dr. Matthew Richey, whose son became Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, are given. Fifty-two illustrations, embracing portraits, views, many of them reproductions of rare prints, enhance the value of the volume. Several appendices present important historical documents.

We hope that this book will be widely read far beyond the boundaries of Nova Scotia. As Sir John Bourinot well remarks: "Canada can never be a nation until the peoples, who live either by the sea, or in the valley of the Saint Lawrence, or by the great lakes, or on the western prairies, or on the Pacific slope, take a common interest and pride in each other's history and in the achievements of the men who reflect lustre on the respective provinces that make up the federation to the north of the ambitious American Republic."

The Paraclete. A series of Discourses on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. By WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C. Professor of Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto. The Slocum Lectures, 1899, delivered at the University of Michigan. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company, Limited.

Professor Clark's latest volume is on the most important subject that can engage the human mind. The age in which we live is most emphatically the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. Yet not all Christians realize as they should the privilege they enjoy, the obligation under which they rest. In this volume both of these are clearly and cogently set forth. The exposition of the various Scriptures on this solemn subject is lucid and luminous. The author demonstrates the divinity and personality of the Holy Spirit. He is set forth as the Promise of the Father, the Creator and Teacher of the Church, the Author and Source of Spiritual Life, the Advocate, Intercessor and Comforter of the individual Christian, and the Inner Witness of his acceptance with God.

No Methodist writer could be more clear and explicit on the subject of the Witness of the Spirit, the doctrine so strongly emphasized by John Wesley, than the author of this treatise. This witness is not the privilege of a few favoured saints. "The apostles had no privileges which are not equally provided for all Christians, and there is no reason why every faithful disciple of Jesus Christ should not have the inward experience of Peter and of Paul." This is a personal witness to a present relationship, not to any past or future condition, but to one now existing. The sense of adoption, of sonship, enables the renewed soul to cry "Abba, Father" and to rejoice

in God's mercy, his grace, in all that is his.

But there must be corroborative evidence of this inner witness to convince the world. If the Holy Spirit dwell in the soul, then shall a man bring forth the fruits of the Spirit and the graces of the Christian character. The Divine Paraclete is the Spirit of truth, of love, of sacrifice, of holiness. "If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." If He dwells within, the spirit of love, of sacrifice, and of heavenly-mindedness should be manifest to all—"the mind which weighs the things of earth in the scales of heaven, regarding wealth, and position, and power as gifts of God, to be used for the fulfilment of his gracious purposes, and not for enjoyment, or ease, or vainglory. It is a mind which views men, and the world, and all things as in the light of God, and lives continually as in His Presence." Professor Clark's notes on the Gift of Tongues and the Sin against the Holy Ghost are eminently judicious and convincing. The whole treatise is one whose lucid English makes it an intellectual pleasure to read, and whose practical teachings cannot fail to bring spiritual profit.

Village Life in China. A Study in Sociology. By ARTHUR H. SMITH, D.D., author of "Chinese Characteristics." With illustrations. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $2.00.

The Methodist people of Canada are much interested in everything that pertains to the people of China. Two thousand miles up the Yang-tse River, about as far as from Halifax to Winnipeg, but by a vastly more difficult road, is our Canadian Mission, where the agents of both the General and the Woman's Missionary Society are doing noble work. Dr. Smith's volume gives an insight into Chinese life such as we have not seen in any other. It is written from the sympathetic point of view of one who, as the author remarks, "has come to feel a profound respect for the numerous admirable qualities of the Chinese, and to entertain for many of them a high personal esteem. An unexampled past," he adds, "lies behind this great race, and before it there may lie a wonderful future. China was never so much in the world's thought as to-day, nor is there any apparent likelihood that the position of this empire will be less conspicuous at the opening of the twentieth century. Whatever helps to a better understanding of the Chinese people, is an aid to a comprehension of the Chinese problem."

This book removes many erroneous impressions. We had the idea that a very large proportion of the people lived in the great cities; this, it seems, is incorrect. They live mostly in villages. The country is, of course, densely peopled, being from about the average of Belgium, 1,534 persons to the square mile, to over 2,000 to the square mile, not in cities, but in rural villages. This book is an endeavour to answer the questions, What are these incomputable millions of people thinking about? What is the quality of the life which they live? What is its content and its scope?

In a series of fascinating chapters our author discusses the village life, country roads, which are very wretched means of communication, and the village ferries, which are even worse. The village wells, shops, schools, temples, markets and fairs, theatres, weddings and funerals, and the like, are fully described. The family life forms the subject of a special section. Its monotony, vacuity, its unstable equilibrium, are set forth. One of the most important chapters is that on the regeneration of the Chinese village. In answer to the question, What can Christianity do for China? the author says, "It can call into existence a sympathy between parents and children, hitherto unknown, one of the greatest needs of the Chinese home. It will revolutionize the system of education. It will purify and sweeten the Chinese home, now always and everywhere liable to devastating hurricanes of passion, and too often filled with evil-speaking, bitterness and wrath. It will sanctify childhood, ennoble motherhood, dignify manhood, and purify every social condition."

No matter what the object of life,
Small work or large,—the making thrive a shop,
Or seeing that an empire take no harm,—
There are known fruits to judge obedience by.
—*Browning.*

F. X. GARNEAU.

O. CREMAZIE. JUDGE HALIBURTON.

SIR J. W. DAWSON.